

AUGUST

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# DIARY OF THE WEEK

From August 10 to August 17



MR. CHARLES AND THE HON. MRS. MORRISON at their home South Wraxall Manor, near Bradford-on-Avon, the beautiful and historic family seat of the Longs of Wraxall, are the subject of our cover this week. Before her marriage last year to Mr. Morrison, son of Major J. and the Hon. Mrs. Morrison, of Fonthill House, Tisbury, Wilts, Mrs. Morrison was the Hon. Sara Long, only child of the late Viscount Long of Wraxall, who was killed in action in World War Two. The manor was built at the end of the 13th century by Robert Long, though there have been additions made to the house in the 15th and 16th centuries. The photograph is by William Morris

**August 10 (Wed.)** Exmoor Pony Annual Society Show at Exford, Devon.

Cricket at Lord's: Middlesex v. Warwickshire.

Lawn Tennis Professional Championships of Great Britain at Eastbourne (remaining four days).

Royal Lancashire Agricultural Show (three days) at Stanley Park Aerodrome, Blackpool.

Polo at Cirencester Park Polo Club. The Cheltenham and Kingscote Cups (second day, until 14th).

**August 11 (Thur.)** Racing at Haydock and Salisbury (second day).

**August 12 (Fri.)** Grouse shooting begins.

Racing at Newbury, Stockton and Newton Abbot (all two days).

English National Sheep Dog Trials at Darlington.

Summer Salon at the Royal Institute Galleries, London.

**August 13 (Sat.)** The Fifth Test match: England v. South Africa at the Oval (five days).

Middlesex Second XI v. Surrey Second XI at Lord's.

The Queen and Prince Philip will arrive at Aberdeen in the Royal yacht Britannia, visit the city, and proceed to Balmoral for their summer holiday.

**August 14 (Sun.)** Polo at Cowdray Park.

**August 15 (Mon.)** Racing at Warwick.

**August 16 (Tues.)** Cricket at Lord's: M.C.C. v. De Flamingos.

First night of *Titus Andronicus* at Stratford-on-Avon.

**August 17 (Wed.)** Racing at Bath, Beverley and Sandown (two days).

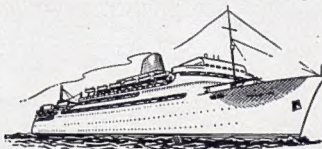
*Evening News* Flower and Country Show at Old Olympia.

First night of *Mrs. Willie*, with Yvonne Arnaud, at the Globe Theatre.

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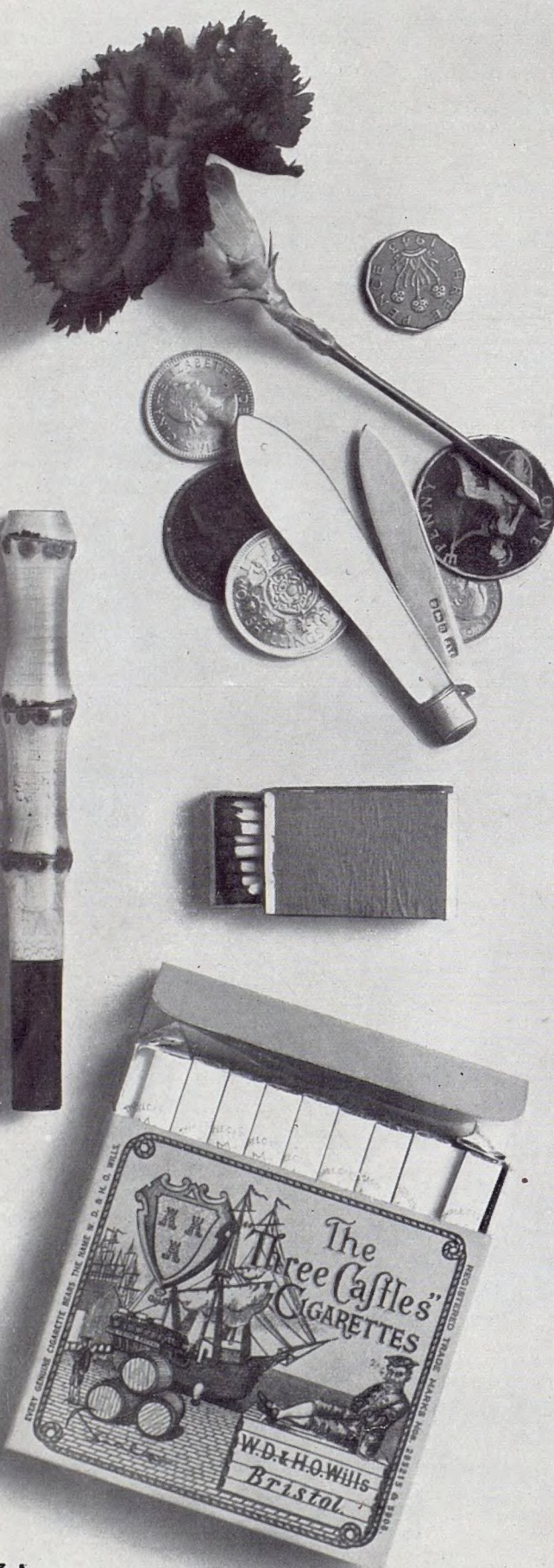
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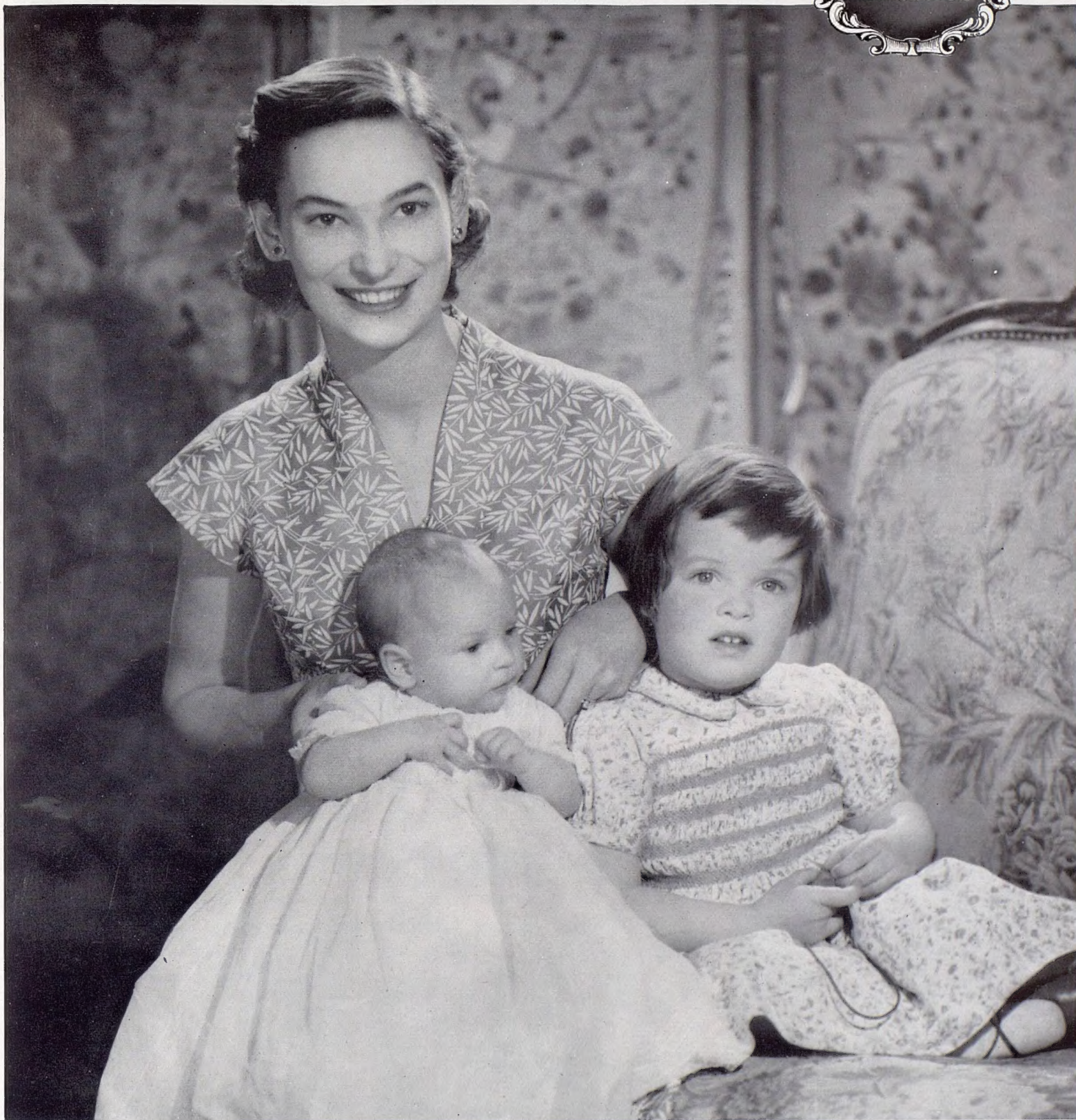


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AUG. 10  
1955

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Eric Coop

## Members of a great banking family

**T**HE Hon. Mrs. Hugo Money-Coutts, seen here with her two children, Clare, aged two and a half, and Crispin, four months, is the wife of Lord Latymer's only son and heir. Before her marriage she was Miss Penelope Emmet, daughter of the late Mr. T. A. Emmet and of the Hon. Mrs. Emmet, of Amberley Castle, Sussex, a sister of Lord Rennell. The Hon. Hugo and Mrs. Money-Coutts and their family live in South Eaton Place, S.W.1





THE HON LADY SACHS is the wife of the Hon. Sir Eric Sachs, Judge of the High Court. Lady Sachs is the second daughter of the Lord Chief Justice of England, Lord Goddard of Aldbourne. She and her husband live in Chelsea Square, and have two children, Richard aged twenty and Caroline, sixteen

## *Social Journal*

*Jennifer*

# PARTY ON THE DOWNS

THE exodus from London to Sussex, or nearby, for Goodwood race week marks the end of the London season, which in spite of a General Election and a rail strike has been pretty well packed with engagements for three months.

This year the title of glorious Goodwood was fully justified. Brilliant sunshine shone over the magnificent course in its beautiful setting on the Duke of Richmond and Gordon's land. Fresh white paint was everywhere, and the lawns of the Private Stand and other enclosures were verdant green on the opening day. The Duke of Richmond and Gordon takes a great personal interest in this race meeting and with his very efficient Clerk of the Course, Mr. Ralph Hubbard, it is always splendidly run.

Giant begonias were massed around the Duke's Private Box where the Queen and Prince Philip watched the racing each day. They stayed for the meeting with the Duke and Duchess at Goodwood House. This was quite

an informal visit and there was no big house party.

Others staying in the house were all young people, and included the Duke and Duchess of Richmond and Gordon's two sons, the Earl of March and his lovely wife, and Lord Nicholas Gordon-Lennox who enjoyed some cricket practice with Prince Philip before racing, and incidentally won the tote double two days running!

Major the Hon. Christopher and Lady Elizabeth Becket, Princess Louise de Chimay, Miss Fiona Douglas-Home and the Marquess of Hertford were also guests.

PRINCE PHILIP usually left each day after the fourth race to go on to Cowdray Park where he was playing in the polo tournament, and the Queen also went on several evenings when racing had ended.

Her Majesty had several runners at the meeting, two of which were just beaten in photo-finishes. Although the racing is always

on the highest level, this year was as good as ever.

THIS is always essentially a very social meeting, with much informal entertaining both on and off the course. The Hon. Mrs. Eykyn, the Earl and Countess of Sefton and Sir Humphrey de Trafford entertained a succession of friends in the roomy private luncheon room they share in the main stand. The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, Sir Adrian Jarvis (who incidentally was delighted at the success of My Kingdom as this Royal Charger colt is out of his good mare Legende II, and was bred at his Hascombe stud), Mr. Frank More O'Ferrall and his brothers Rory and Roderick, Lt.-Col. C. B. Hornung and Sir Eric and Lady Ohlson were all entertaining their friends in the very picturesque little chalets beyond the grandstand.

There were also numerous house parties in the district; the biggest of these was the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk's party at Arundel



Castle, where they held the annual ball for Sussex charities on the Wednesday night. Their guests for the week included the Duchess's mother the Countess of Rosebery with the Earl of Rosebery, the Earl and Countess of Sefton, the Earl and Countess of Derby, Lord and Lady Irwin, the Hon. William McGowan and his wife, who looked very chic in a black and white dress and red hat, and the Hon. Ronald Strutt.

VISCOUNT and Viscountess Cowdray had a big party at Cowdray Park where many people went on to watch the polo after racing each day. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Agar and her son Mr. William Wallace had a party at Lavington Park including Viscount and Viscountess Hambleden, pretty Miss Joanna Smith-Bingham, the Hon. Peter Ward and Miss Claire Baring. The Earl and Countess of Ranfurly were staying nearby with Mr. and Mrs. "Sandy" Scratchley. The Marquess and Marchioness of Abergavenny and the Hon. Mrs. John Wills were staying with Mr. and Mrs. Roger Hall, and Mr. William and the Hon. Mrs. Eykyn and his pretty daughter Miss Susie Eykyn who will be making her debut next season were all staying with Lord Ashcombe.

Simple, summery clothes were the order of the day, and one could perhaps say for once that the men's hats outshone those of the ladies present, so varied were the types of boaters, panamas, brown straws, and this year a new fabric straw, seen on the heads of men! There were, of course, hundreds of plain felt hats and even a few bowlers worn, too. The Duke of Devonshire's panama perhaps took the prize for antiquity, its very faded hat band fell loosely round the crown, elongated by rain and sunshine, while the brim undulated and drooped well over the owner's brow.

AMONG the big crowd in the Private Stand I saw Lord and Lady Astor, Major Dermot McCalmont, Viscount and Viscountess Lambton, Lord and Lady Cornwallis, Lord and Lady Selsdon, the Hon. Mrs. Lionel Montagu, Major and the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan, Sir Malcolm and Lady McAlpine whose good two-year-old Ratification won on the second day, Lord Essendon, the Earl and Countess of Westmorland, Mr. and Mrs. John Fergusson—he was one of the Stewards of the meeting—Sir Ronald Howe, who was escorting Countess Howe, and a kinsman by marriage, and Mr. Thomas and Lady Belinda Dugdale with the Hon. Anthony and Mrs. Samuel.

Sir Gordon and Lady Munro, who live quite near, were racing, also Lady Naylor-Leyland, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Koch de Gooreynd who gave a very good cocktail party at their Sussex home on the Thursday evening, Viscountess Cranborne very pretty in pink, Lord and Lady Lyle, and her sister Mrs. Francis Williams with her husband, who is the Recorder of Birkenhead, the Hon. Robin Cayzer and his lovely wife, Lord and Lady Stavordale, G/Capt. and Mrs. Kent, the Countess of Ronaldshay and Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Villar and his son and daughter Tony and April Villar.

Young people racing included Miss Frances Sweeny pretty in pale blue, Mr. Charles Smith-Bingham, Miss Valda Rogerson, Miss Joanna Norton-Griffiths looking sweet in a pink cotton dress and flowered cap escorted by Mr. Michael Monkland, Miss Tessa Williams and her eldest sister Mrs. Lynch, Mr. Ian Cameron, who was taking part of his summer holiday for Goodwood, and Miss Caroline Harrison an attractive girl who came with her father Mr. Cholmonley Harrison. She has just left school and makes her debut next season.

Pictures on pages 240-241.

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, in tremendous form, attended the last Garden Party of the season at Buckingham Palace. He had tea in the Royal tent and had a long talk to the Queen who looked charming in the white silk dress printed with a blue flower which she had worn at the Garden Party she attended in Oslo, with a little blue and white petal hat. He also conversed with the Duke of Edinburgh, the Queen Mother, who wore a blue printed chiffon dress and big hat to match, and Princess Margaret.

Many members of the Diplomatic Corps were there including the Norwegian Ambassador and Mme. Prebensen, who wore a brown straw hat and dark silk dress, the Philippines Ambassador and Mme. Guerrero, the Portuguese Ambassador and his two delightful daughters who were returning to Portugal for a visit the following day, and the Peruvian Ambassador and Mme. Schreiber, the latter quite lovely in a fawn dress and large hat with fluted brim to match.

Among those I saw strolling round the lawns of the Palace on this lovely afternoon were Sir Charles and Lady Hambro, Lady Killearn chatting with Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd the Secretary of State for the Colonies, and Lady Patricia Lennox-Boyd, while Lord Killearn was nearby talking to the Peruvian Ambassador.

SIR JOHN AND LADY CHILD had both their daughters with them and I saw the Hon. Arthur and Lady Lorna Howard having tea, Lady Tedder, the Hon. Mrs. Micklethwaite wearing a "cartwheel" navy blue hat with her dark blue dress, Margherita Lady Howard de Walden, Sir Charles and Lady Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. D. V. Gillespie on their honeymoon from British Columbia, Mrs. Moresby talking to Mr. and Mrs. O'Rourke who were just back from New York, Mrs. Warren Pearl and her daughter Roddy, Mrs. Murray Stephen with Capt. Geoffrey Cooke, R.N., and Mrs. Cooke, Brig. Derek Schreiber, Lord and Lady Harvey, Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke and Lord and Lady Astor, who lent their house in Upper Brook Street that evening for a very good party given by the Hon. Mrs. John Wills and attended by the Queen, Prince Philip, Princess Margaret, Princess Alexandra and her cousin Princess Elizabeth of Yugoslavia.

★ ★ ★

THE last dance I went to in London this season was the brilliant ball which Viscountess Kemsley and Lady Helen Berry gave jointly for Lady Helen's second daughter Miss Jane Berry at Chandos House, Viscount Kemsley's London home. The guests included Princess Alexandra of Kent, Princess Elizabeth of Yugoslavia and Prince Christian of Hanover.

Jane looked sweet in a dress of salmon pink satin, and her sister Mary Anne, who came out a couple of years ago, was in blue. A ballroom was built out over the courtyard at the back of the house and hung with baskets of red rambler roses, which also formed the decoration at each end. There were two big downstairs rooms, and the large first-floor rooms with their magnificent crystal chandeliers and pictures, for sitting out in. These had all recently been redecorated and the ceilings returned to their original colour schemes; copied from prints of the rooms found in one of the London museums.

MANY of the women present wore tiaras and lovely jewels with some very pretty dresses, and there was an unusually gay atmosphere at this ball, everyone being full of holiday plans. The Hon. Lionel Berry was busy helping his wife, who looked charming in



LAW LEADERS from many parts of the Commonwealth, attending the Conference in London, went to a ball at Hurlingham Club. Above: Mr. Charles Norton, Law Society president, Lady Barwick, wife of the Australian Q.C., and Senator J. Spicer, Federal Attorney-General of Australia



Sitting out by the river: Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Osler and Mrs. and Mr. F. R. Duncan



Miss Janet Lawson of Ottawa, who was presented at a recent Royal Garden Party, and Mr. David K. Petapiece, also from Canada

Van Hallan

[Continued on page 226]



grey with a diamond tiara, and they spent much of the time mingling with their friends upstairs and downstairs.

Among the young people dancing I saw Miss Nichola Cayzer, Miss Deirdre Child, the Hon. Julian Grenfell, Miss Verity Ann Pilkington, Lord James Crichton-Stuart, the Hon. Myra Lopes, the Hon. Vere Harmsworth, Miss Mary Nicholson, the Earl of Suffolk, Mr. Harry Middleton, Mr. Duncan Macleod, who had just passed an accountancy exam, Mr. Richard Soames, and Miss Elizabeth Rhys, whose parents, Mr. David and Lady Anne Rhys, were among those who gave dinner parties for the ball.

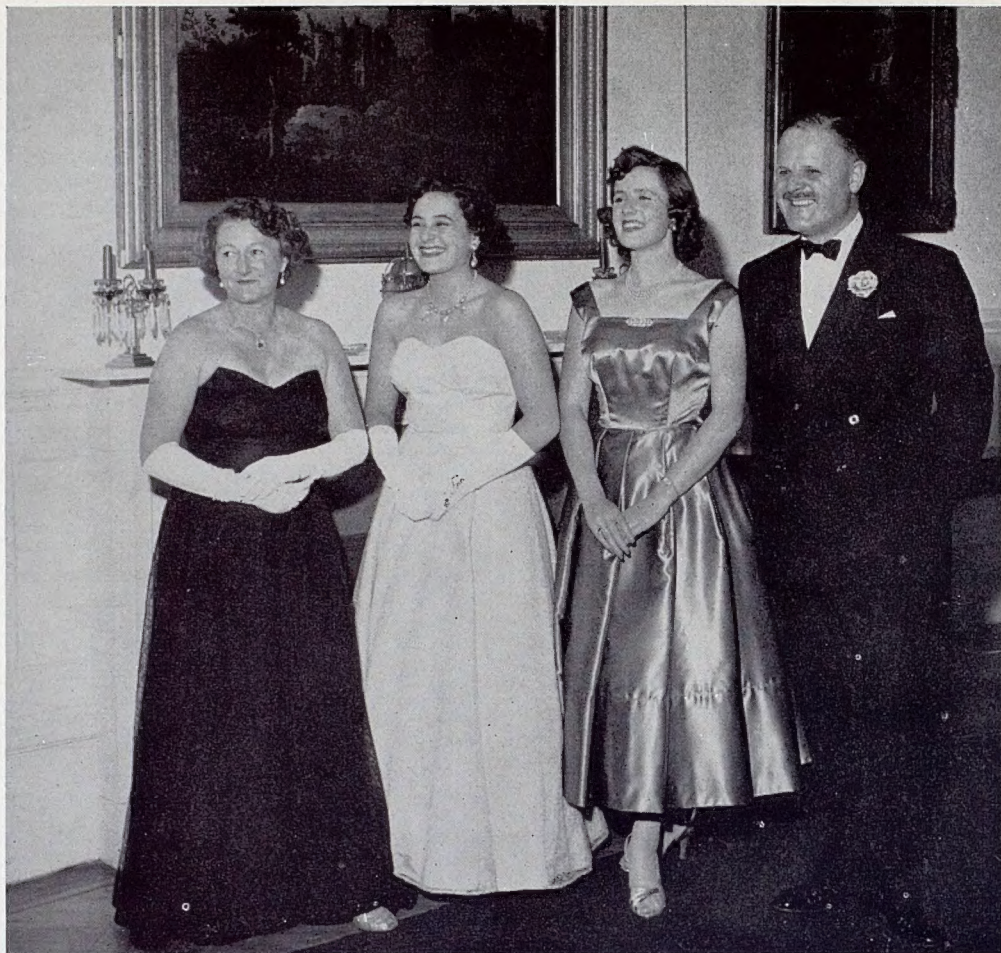
OTHERS who entertained for it included the Duchess of Argyll, Mr. Whitney and Lady Daphne Straight, whose daughter Camilla looked sweet in blue, and Lady Irwin in red and white. Her daughter, the Hon. Susan Wood, was enjoying herself immensely. Parties were also brought by the Hon. Lady Eccles, Lord and Lady Glentoran, who were returning to their home in Northern Ireland at the end of that week, Lady Katherine Nicholson and the Hon. Neville and Mrs. Berry, the latter wearing a white tulle dress appliquéd with black lace. They had a party of sixteen including Viscount Camrose, Lord and Lady Grantley, the Hon. Denis and Mrs. Berry, Lady Anne Coke and the Hon. Randall and Mrs. Plunkett, the latter in a dress of pearl beaded white satin.

Others I saw enjoying this excellent ball, which was a brilliant end to a very good season, included the Marquess and Marchioness of Huntly, Sir Henry and Lady d'Avidgor-Goldsmid, Sir John and Lady Child, Lord and Lady John Hope, Sir Rhys Llewellyn, Viscount Colville of Culross, Mr. and Mrs. Sandy Gilmour and Lady Moyra Hamilton.

★ ★ ★

MISS FLEUR MOUNTAIN, only daughter of Sir Brian and Lady Mountain, chose a fairy-tale wedding dress for her marriage to Mr. Dane Douetil, son of the late Capt. P. V. Douetil and Mrs. Douetil, which took place at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. Her gown, which was designed by Michael, was made with a tight fitting lace bodice embroidered with mother of pearl and a very full tulle skirt falling into a train, while her short tulle veil was held in place by a mother of pearl headdress.

She was attended by eight little children. The four pages, Paul Douetil, Alan Yarrow, Andrew Brudenell-Bruce and Anthony Wilson, wore long white satin trousers with silk shirts



Van Hallan

**A COMING OF AGE PARTY IN HARLEY STREET.** Dr. Ronald Bodley Scott, Physician to H.M. the Queen, and Mrs. Bodley Scott, gave a very successful twenty-first birthday party for their daughter, Miss Susannah Bodley Scott at their London home. Above: The host and hostess with their daughters Miss Jean Bodley Scott and Miss Susannah Bodley Scott

and lace jabots. The little girls Camilla Keith, Angela Moore, Karen Yarrow and Diana Jones looked enchanting in opalescent-coloured tulle crinoline dresses and juliet caps of plaited tulle.

After the ceremony Sir Brian and Lady Mountain, very good looking in a grey-pink orchid French silk dress also designed by Michael, with a hat made of ospreys to match, received the guests at Claridge's with Mrs. Douetil and the bridegroom's elder brother Mr. Barry Douetil.

THE Marquess and Marchioness of Carisbrooke came to the wedding, also the bridegroom's grandmother Mrs. Henry Grinling and his great-aunt Mrs. Sydney Grinling, Lord and Lady Remnant and their

son the Hon. John Remnant and his pretty wife, Lord and Lady Dovercourt, Sir Wavell and Lady Wakefield and their daughter Mrs. Hensman, Brig. and Mrs. Ronnie Johnston, the latter very chic in a brilliant imprime, Mr. and Mrs. John Rogerson and the young Earl and Countess of Dumfries.

Others who came to wish the young couple happiness included the bridegroom's uncles Mr. Geoffrey Grinling, Mr. Bing Grinling and Mr. Pat Grinling, and their wives, with Miss Susan Grinling and Mr. and Mrs. Tony Grinling; also the bride's brothers Mr. Denis and Mr. Nicholas Mountain, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Tate, Mrs. Edward Slesinger, very smart in a lime green taffeta coat and osprey trimmed hat to match, Mrs. Barry Douetil, Mr. and Mrs. Zamora, Mr. Groose Parry who



Mrs. David Wilkinson, Mr. David Clifton, Mr. David Wilkinson and Mrs. David Clifton



Mr. David Rutland, Mr. John Holman and Mrs. David Rutland at the reception



Mr. H. Craig-Harvey, Miss Valda Rogerson and Mr. Denis Mountain, brother of the bride



was best man, Mrs. Gerald Pinckney and her daughter Julie, who is being married at the end of September, Mr. and Mrs. Paddy Brudenell-Bruce and her sister Mrs. Thomson Jones, who both had children in the bridal retinue.

I saw a big party of employees and staff from Sir Brian and Lady Mountain's home, Shawford Park in Hampshire, and from their Eaton Square home, enjoying the reception.

The bride and bridegroom, looking radiantly happy, later left amid many good wishes for their honeymoon in Italy.

★ ★ ★

I WENT to the most impressive opening ceremony of the Commonwealth and Empire Law Society which took place in the ancient and historic Westminster Hall. Viscount Kilmuir, the Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, presided, resplendent in his ceremonial robes, as were the Attorney-General, the Lords Justices of Appeal and the Judges of the Supreme Court.

After they had taken their seats on the platform (with former Lord Chancellors, many personalities of the legal world, the High Commissioners of Australia, Canada and other parts of the Commonwealth sitting nearby each side), the proceedings began when Sir Reginald Manningham-Buller, the Attorney-General, stepped to the front of the platform and made a fine opening speech, presenting the Conference to the Lord Chancellor on behalf of the Bar of England. He was followed by Mr. Charles Norton, President of the Law Society and joint president of the Conference, who spoke excellently, presenting the Conference on behalf of the Solicitors of the Supreme Court of England.

Then came the Lord High Chancellor's speech welcoming the Conference; Viscount Kilmuir spoke in resonant tones and ended by saying he hoped to meet personally each delegate during the conference.

★ ★ ★

BEFORE they left for their summer vacation in America, the United States Ambassador and Mrs. Aldrich gave a delightful farewell dinner party at Wingfield House. This was also a party in honour of the United States Ambassador in Paris and Mrs. Dillon, who were over here on a short visit. Guests assembled under a green and white awning in the garden before dinner, then they dined indoors at eight candlelit tables, seating eight each, the host and hostess sitting at separate tables.

Among the sixty-four guests were the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, the latter in a turquoise blue satin dress with a white fox stole, Lady Diana Cooper, who had come over from Paris especially for the occasion and looked beautiful in a black and white French silk dress, Sir Walter and Lady Monckton, Viscount and Viscountess Waverley, the Hon. David and Mrs. Bowes-Lyon, and Lady Jebb, also over from Paris, wearing a yellow lace dress.

There were many American friends at the party, also Mr. Whitney and Lady Daphne Straight, that learned personality Mr. Isaiah Berlin, Col. and Mrs. Rex Benson, Mr. John Foster, the Earl of Hardwicke, Sir John McEwan and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Ford.

★ ★ ★

WHEN he was over here recently I heard from Prince Alexander Hohenlohe that the new Kitzbühel-Mittersill golf course is now completed and promises to be one of the finest in Europe. This will be a great attraction for visitors to the Tyrol during the spring and summer. There were great festivities planned in Kitzbühel for the opening, at the beginning of this month, when they held the first International Golf Tournament for two days, and an International Guest Tennis Tournament on the courts at the Kitzbühel-Mittersill Golf Club also for two days, the week ending with a three-day shooting and fishing expedition organized by the Schloss Mittersill Club, which is one of the most perfect country clubs to stay at in Europe. The members include Queen Juliana of the Netherlands, Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, Baron Edmond Rothschild, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, the Hon. Mrs. Aileen Plunket and Sir Francis and Lady Peek.

★ ★ ★

AT a very good fork luncheon party given by Mrs. Kenneth Davis in her Grosvenor Street flat I met Mr. W. H. Smith, chairman of the Welsh National Opera Company, which recently had such a successful week's season at Sadler's Wells. They opened with Verdi's *Nabucco*, and Charles Groves conducted the Bournemouth Orchestra which has been connected with this company since its formation. On the second night they again gave a splendid performance in another little known Verdi opera *The Sicilian Vespers*. The third was devoted to a new Welsh opera by Arwell Hughes conducted by the composer. The headquarters of this company with its enterprising chairman, is at Cardiff.



### BARONET'S DAUGHTER WED

Mr. Dane Douetil and his bride Miss Fleur Mountain cut the cake at the reception which was held at Claridge's after their wedding at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. Jennifer describes the wedding on page 226



Mrs. Henry Grinling with her great-grandchildren Karen and Alan Yarrow. She is the bridegroom's grandmother



Capt. and Mrs. Wyatt Larken were among the guests who toasted the health of the bride and bridegroom



Mr. C. F. Hughesdon with his wife, who is Florence Desmond the actress and noted impressionist



Sir Brian Mountain, Bt., and Lady Mountain, the parents of the bride, wait to receive the guests

Swabe





Grouse shooting on August 12 in the North Highlands after a backward breeding season. (Illustration from *Letters to Young Shooters* by Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey)

Scotch Keeper (holding his hat over a "cheeper") "Shall I catch her this time, or shall I let her flee again?"

The New Tenant (excitedly): "Catch it, Donald! Then I've killed my fifty brace!"

## NOW: "THE FINEST BIRD THAT FLIES"!

*TOBY O'BRIEN, writing with a long-standing affection for his subject, discusses the prospects for the Twelfth, records some histories of the sport and couples them with pious hopes for those who will be moving northwards in the near future*

IT looks like being a pretty miserable Twelfth everywhere this year. Although there may be exceptions here and there (and there always are mysterious islands of plentiful grouse in the worst years and vice versa) the reports are not so good. On one moor where I shot three or four years ago which then swarmed with grouse they gave up at lunchtime last year with a brace and a half.

So far from there being any sign of recovery this year I am told they do not intend to shoot it again until 1958. But hope springs eternal, and as I travel hard in the opposite direction towards sloth and the sun, my thoughts will be with the lucky ones who have gone, or are going north and for whom in envious imagination all will be perfect.

For me Euston or King's Cross at this one time of the year take on a magic quality. Your sleeper, of course, will *not* be over the wheels. In the dining car there will be some old chum and *not* your pet bore. The labradors chained up in the guard's van will thump their tails happily instead of looking like impending vivisection victims. At Aviemore the dawn will be clear and fresh and clean, with a smell of birch and fir in it, and the heather beside the track will be purple in the morning sun and not black and sodden under the low clouds and veiling rain.

IF you are cutting it fine and travelling overnight on the eleventh, the train will be on time. There will be a car waiting for you and time for a pleasant Scottish breakfast before piling into shooting brakes. There will *not* be an apologetic stationmaster with instructions from "the castle" to get a hire-car for you and the news that "they'll be sending a car for you, sir, to join the guns at lunchtime." The weather will be just right—not too hot or so still as to encourage the midges, but with a light breeze to send the clouds gently shadowing purple heather and moorland grass as they move across them. And, of course, the birds will be well forward—and, of course, you will be shooting like a book. . . .

But it will probably be quite different, just as grouse shooting is very different from what it was in the past. I imagine that the grouse, Colonel Hysteron Porteron's

"finest bird that flies," has always been pursued by native Scots; that stern and wild Caledonian forebears of charming present-day Highland lairds knew exactly the forward allowance (*pace* Mr. Robert Churchill) for a No. 6 cross-bow bolt at thirty yards or could happily claim a nice 2½ brace to their own falcon.

But the discovery of the Highlands by the southern shooter is barely 150 years old, while grouse driving on a large scale dates only from the latter end of Queen Victoria's reign.

MY goodness! They worked hard for their birds, did our great great grandfathers. Squire Osbaldeston, that Alken print figure, went shooting on the Twelfth in 1828. Probably the majority of moors at that time (believe it or not you shooting tenants who have paid a couple of thousand pounds or so for your moor) were



Sir Thomas Dugdale shows his son James, aged fourteen, his bag from the first drive at Lord Swinton's shoot in Yorkshire last year

free and it was the habit of shooters who, to use the word of a contemporary account, "absolutely swarm" on the mountains to sit up all night so as to be on the moor at first light.

The Squire had started at 2 a.m. to ride the nine miles to the moor. "We arrived at our post at half-past three but could not see to shoot. There were several parties lying near us watching for the light, and we nearly all started together. It put me in mind of what one reads of a storming party springing from the trenches. . . . I thought at first we should kill nothing but I ended the day with bagging 22 brace; no other man I could hear of killing above 12½ brace. I hardly ever shot so well—I killed seven or eight quite out of all distance.

"It was quite a scramble; birds flying in all directions, men swearing and dogs howling from the whip. I walked from half past three a.m. until six at night, when we gave up—not a bird to be found." (I'll say!)

It is hardly surprising that it was thirsty work, so that a contemporary was moved to discount the value of wine which he had found "to increase rather than allay thirst in grouse shooting, beneath the almost melting heat of the solar beams." Brandy and water for him—though he adds gravely: "On no account must cold water be drunk—fatal results having been more than once produced by it." This moved that delightful writer, and delightful man, the late Patrick Chalmers to exclaim:

"Prince, I am told, a friend of mine  
Has just got water-on-the-brain.  
The Lord has given me a sign:  
I'll never touch the stuff again."

WALKING up and shooting over dogs remained the only methods of grouse shooting until a certain North Country squire, Spencer Stanhope, in 1868, finding he was getting a little short in the wind got his sons to drive grouse over him as he stood concealed in a sandpit. This was the beginning of driving. The "ligging hoiles," as the Yorkshiremen called them, caught on, and researches have revealed the earliest butts on Lord Savile's moors a couple of years later and shown their spread to Moy, to Dalnaspiedel (where they killed 4,000 grouse in August alone in 1872) and in



Lanarkshire by 1870. This was the beginning of huge bags like Lord Sefton's party's 2,929 birds on the Twelfth in 1915 and that great shot Lord Ripon's 420 grouse to his own gun at the age of seventy.

THE more conservative among the first-class shots seemed at first to have regarded driving as slightly unsporting. Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey, who later was one of the team of guns which established the second biggest record bag, in that delightful and, for me, treasured book *Letters to Young Shooters*, published in 1892, places "driving" (which he usually puts in inverted commas) third in the method of shooting grouse. Bless his memory. He snorts sensible conservatism on every page. Of the butts he writes: "The shelters (sometimes rather absurdly called boxes or batteries). . . ." "If you want to have a perfect and yet an easy fit be measured by your bootmaker in two pairs of fairly thick stockings. If you order your bootmaker to make your boots easy after. . . ." (What a pleasant picture of an obsequious Victorian St. James's Street bootmaker it conjures up!)

A first-rate driving moor yielding 2,000 brace should cost "at least £1,200 per season" (multiply by four for our money), but then there are "so many wealthy sportsmen, real or professed, that they are soon snapped up."

I am not sure that Sir Ralph entirely approved of the great annual race migrations northward of the English upper and wealthier classes which began at this time, and for whom it became part of the immutable social round, succeeding Goodwood and Cowes as surely as night succeeds day. But by the Twelfth the great houses in Belgrave Square were shuttered, the furniture dust-sheeted, the main body of the servants, with the linen and the glass and the cutlery, had gone on ahead and "nobody" was in London in August.

Although the nature of the moors, and the fact that the grouse is a wild bird, prevented some of the ostentation of the long champagne lunches of a Sir Gorgeous Midas among the slaughtered thousands of his slow, low, hand-reared Norfolk pheasants, the wealthy Victorian sportsman was often more "professed" than real. Sir Ralph had a good snort over those who shoot cheepers: "It is most unsportsmanlike to shoot young grouse that are only half grown merely to make your bag a good one in regard to numbers," and illustrated his point with the picture I reproduce here.

I wonder what he would have said about the moors today when the "wealthy sportsmen" (if they are not native members of a syndicate) speak with transatlantic accents and wear strange and wonderful clothing or, like one of their number a year or two ago, can bring off the undoubted record shot of bagging five of the occupants of the next three butts with one barrel!

As well. *Tempora* and a lot of other things *mutantur*. The number of first-class shots who can afford to shoot four and five days a week throughout the season and whose main pre-occupation—as in the case of poor young Norman Garamie who had that nasty accident on the Twelfth just before the last war—was a nice dovetailing of desirable shooting invitations, is miniscule. Two wars have played havoc with the social conventions of our fathers and grandfathers—and, alas! in some cases with our shooting manners as well. But the moors and (in spite of seasonal ups and downs) the grouse remain, and as, like the young lady in *Salad Days*, I sit in the sun, I shall be thinking a little enviously of the Highlands and the Twelfth, "the time when," in Ouida's immortal words, "the little brown birds are winging their way o'er the purple heather to fall obediently to the neat smart plop of the bullets."



Viscount Swinton, whose shoot is on Potmoor at Grimes Ghyll, Swinton, near Ripon, fires from a butt marked closely by his loader. After three drives there was a total of seventy-two brace on this day



# Roundabout

**Paul Holt**



"All you had to do was to open a window"

I HAD a shock when I saw a picture of the Queen Mother arriving at Roedean School to congratulate them all on the seventieth anniversary. The girls were all gathered around her with their box cameras, snapping away. But what were they wearing? Looked to me like the overalls they give the girls at the Borstals.

I believe strongly that the way you dress little girls today will have a profound effect on the love life of the next generation. And so I hurried to an old Roedean girl, a most attractive young matron, to consult her.

"They were called djibbahs," she said coldly. "We had morning djibbahs and afternoon djibbahs. Morning djibbahs were all alike, but afternoon djibbahs could go with a blouse of your own choosing. Pink furnishing satin was a popular number, I remember."

Probing more deeply into this, I asked her the answer to a question that has been a pit, or hazard, of my dream life for many years. Where do the black stockings end and where do the bloomers begin?

"They met," she said. "If they didn't, you were thought sloppy." I shall have to speak to Mr. Ronald Searle about this. His St. Trinian's girls are improperly dressed.

Life at Roedean seems to have been, and probably still is, a mixture of an expedition to the South Pole and a military training camp. There seems to me to be little doubt that the sisters Lawrence, who founded the school, had in their heads the idea, in founding the first great English institution for girls, to bring them up to be young gentlemen.

THIS may explain why so many distinguished women in this country today treat their husbands at home, or their bosses at the office, as though they were fags carrying out the cruel and impossible orders of the prefect to whom they had been assigned.

Elizabeth Fry, remembering her days there, gave a full picture in *The*

*Times* of the horror through which these children went and go.

"Life at Roedean," she wrote, blandly, "was extremely full and competitive. The first bell went at 6.30 a.m. all the year round and breakfast was at 7.30. A quick run round the pitch, or a fielding practice in summer, were squeezed in before Prayers, and lessons started at 8.40. All classes and 'prep' times were arranged in forty-minute periods, and the normal day held eleven of these periods—six in the morning and five between tea and supper. Dinner was at one o'clock and was followed by compulsory team games; hockey, lacrosse and cricket were the cycle of the school year. After supper the junior girls gathered in their House drawing-room to listen to the reading of some supposedly exciting book. This was a good time in which to sew the 'garment' destined for the school mission. . . ."

Miss Fry's story goes on in increasing horror, but the odd thing is that my

attractive matron, who has sent her son to King's School, Canterbury, in full confidence, seems to have approved of this system.

I asked her when she had time to think. During lessons, she said.

What she hated most? Only one thing. The cold. The girls were not allowed tuck or money, but this does not seem to have bothered them as much as the winter wind blowing in off Brighton cliffs.

"When you sat on the radiators they weren't warm enough to comfort your derrière, and when you wanted to be alone and keep somebody out of the study all you had to do was open a window. The pictures were blown off the wall, but the bore stayed out."

THE terrors of cricket (hockey has been stopped) and lacrosse continue. It seems to have been a test of friendship there. For if, when playing lacrosse, your opponent did not hit your stick but smacked you painfully across the wrist, that was one to watch out for.

Peace came with age. When sixteen a girl could choose not to play these unsuitable games, but elect to take tennis or go for long walks.

Going for long walks was popular. You had to have a sub-prefect and two other girls with you, but there were the downs, the blustery wind and silence for a time. The great joy was to walk to a distant church and sit there in the porch, out of the wind, until it was time to go back to school again. That was heaven.

THE love of money was rightly considered by the sisters Lawrence to be the root of all evil, for they allowed their girls no pocket money. Instead, to give them respect for this evil, they had cheque books, pink, blue, green or yellow, according to the House you were in. The Houses were called One, Two, Three and Four, and Two was the "shack" house.

Even when you became a prefect and could go down to Brighton by



"Asking in all honesty if he could not open an account with them"



yourself you had no money, and spent your time window shopping, which may account for two phenomena now noticeable in well-bred young Englishwomen—their love of money and their insatiable habit of staring into windows.

**P**ARENTS were a great problem. Your father had to play cricket pretty well against the 1st XI to gain you respect, and your mother had to remember not to wear silly hats. And they had to come up to the school by car. The story is still remembered of the girl who saw two parents walking up the hill on Speech Day and made some rude comments on their penury, to find that when they arrived that they belonged to her.

Harrow was another curse. Roedean adopted the Harrow school song "Forty Years On" and when the girls won colours, which they wore as ties with blue serge suits on Sunday, they were navy blue and silver stripes. This may account for the fact that so few Roedean girls have married Harrow boys. They go for Eton or Winchester if they can.

Full blues were for cricket, tennis and lacrosse; half blues for acting, dancing, fencing, gym, the gentler arts.

How like a boys' school it is. I remember during the war the Canadian soldiery occupied the school on Brighton cliffs. They hated the weather, but were enchanted by the notices they found in each dormitory—"If in need of a mistress, ring this bell."

The girls called their mistresses "Madam," although they must have all been spinsters, but the Canadians did not know this.

★ ★ ★

**W**HY does London make a shambles of itself in the summertime?

Streets are up, the air smells horribly of tar, great engines thunder away behind barriers delicately decorated with red flags.

Cars are parked double deep along Pall Mall and manage to make a great business of finding the smaller roads, like Jermyn Street, to sit and make impassable.

Yet London in summertime is the tourists' dream. Tourists from Wichita or Wigan, Arles or Accrington, all come to the Thames to see the sight of the loveliest city in the world, with a skyline from the river that makes Paris look like a parade ground.

They are asked to bumble and shuffle through a hurly that is as bad as Coney Island. And go home exhausted and confused.

I know streets must be digged and cars must be parked. But it is high time now authorities realized that this great city is the showplace of the world. And behaved accordingly.

★ ★ ★

**T**EDDY KNOX, of the Crazy Gang, was telling me about a club he goes to in the West End. The proprietor, a decent and honest fellow, is so exasperated by being summoned for vans parked outside his door delivering goods, that he approached the police the other day asking, in all honesty, if he could not open an account with them.



SIR MILES THOMAS, D.F.C., Chairman and Chief Executive of B.O.A.C., is one of those rare beings who as head of a nationalised industry has accomplished the successes of a super-salesman. B.O.A.C. was running a deficit of £8 million when he took over in 1949. Within a short time the internal reorganization was complete, and with tact and firmness, albeit with the ruthlessness necessitated by a major surgical operation, he had cut the staff by nearly 4,000. This supersonic beginning has today been consolidated into continually rising achievements. Sir Miles, whose face characterizes a watchful optimism, fought his way to the peak in industry with two great assets, a firm basis of technical knowledge and the ability to recognize opportunities; which by 1940 had made him chairman and managing director of Morris Motors. His recreations include golf and shooting, and he has a ranch in Southern Rhodesia. He is married with two children



## THE ARAB STRAIN AT ROEHAMPTON

THE Arab Horse Society's annual show, at Roehampton Club, had the Saluki Hound Club show running in conjunction with it this year. There was a high standard of entries in both and enthusiasts enjoyed seeing these beautiful Arabian horses and hounds on the same day



Miriam Coston, who comes from Carshalton, Surrey, made a charming picture with her own Saluki Yazrette El Hor, and Yassa El Hor, Yashim El Hor and Valdah El Hor, all owned by her mother. She is the youngest member of the Saluki Club of Great Britain



Princess Zia, led by Miss Angela Bester from South Africa, which won the championship in the female and the junior championship classes. This yearling filly is the property of Miss Gladys Tule, the racehorse owner, and is by Count D'Orsaz the noted prizewinner

## At the Races

### GO-AS-YOU-PLEASE GOODWOOD

THE traffic jam, which put Ascot back a month, was bound to react upon Goodwood, and the almost total absence of ante-post quotations and the reluctance of owners and trainers to pull horses out so much sooner than they expected made it readily understandable why things were rather topsy-turvy. In addition, the turning of so many gallops into hard highroads did not add to the smooth running of things.

The sun and the strike between them have played the cat and banjo with the fixture list. And the only one at Goodwood which looked a safe bet was Elpenor for the Goodwood Cup—but . . . and thereby hangs a tale.

ALTOGETHER, the meeting was not very kind to backers, and in this way followed in the path of Ascot, even though it has been said that some of the bookmakers got such a bad shaking up that they were rather late in settling. We have heard this story before, and I am always rather chary of believing these tales of woe when they come from the camp of the enemy—who, as a matter of fact, are always rather nice fellows, and it is very rarely that you meet a bad 'un.

I do not believe that the books can have had quite such a hairy time as they say, and anyway we know that they always settle. Welshing is never heard of these days and it is very rarely that it happens.

The Stewards' Cup left most people lamenting, because hardly anybody could have backed the winner, and on the next day, looking over the selections by the leading prophets, not one of them

seems to have been in the money. In fact I don't think they could have tipped more than half a winner between them.

Goodwood has always been entitled to be called gory from the time of "The Murders By The Smugglers," and its path of blood carries on right up to Portsmouth, where a dissatisfied officer, one Fenton, murdered Buckingham. On the other hand it can quite easily be glorious, given the necessary sunshine, for there is no pleasanter spot in which to go racing. Ascot: all grey hats and tail coats; Goodwood: go as you please and be comfortable!

No one, so far as is known, has yet gone there in rowing shorts or a female swimsuit, but I verily believe that in these "in front of the bridge" times no one would take much notice even if they did. Everyone is far too busy breathing the ozone, having a bet, and absorbing lobster salad, cold chicken, and so forth, to bother about such trivial details.

I AM sure that many people must have regretted that Charles II's son by Lucy Walters did not win at Sedgemoor, for he would have made a pleasanter king than James. His memory is kept



alive at Goodwood by the inclusion of the Charlton Stakes in the bill of fare. Charlton is where Monmouth lived and kept that pack of hounds, which was hunted by Squire Roper who, lucky devil, got away to France after Sedgemoor. But quite apart from this, there is plenty of blood on that Portsmouth road, and it is strange that such grim deeds should have happened in such enchanting surroundings. The only redeeming feature to otherwise deterring factors has been the magnificent prices realized at the Newmarket Sales.

THE recent death of General Sir H. de Beauvoir de Lisle severs yet another link with an agreeable past that is fast vanishing into the mists, and there are very few left to connect it with a present which is not quite so amusing. But there is one distinguished personality who directly links up with de Lisle's times, and that is Sir Winston Churchill, for when the Durhams had finished dusting the polo floor with all the other regiments, the cavalry included, the 4th came on deck and their No. 1 was a lightweight and very combative subaltern. The rest were Savory Hoare and Reggie Barnes, brother of Irene and Violet Vanbrugh.

De Lisle and his Durhams compelled all the rest to abandon that ineffective dribbling game, which has never been any more use than a sick headache, and adopt the hit hard and gallop one. De Lisle taught his braves not only how to do that, but to hit in the right direction, and they won the Indian Inter-Regimentals of 1896-97-98. The rest of the team were W. J. Ainsworth, H. B. Wilkinson, C. C. Luard and, in 1898, L. F. Ashburner, replacing Ainsworth.

De Lisle afterwards went to the cavalry, first to the 5th D.G.'s, and ultimately to the Royals, which eventually he commanded. He was always a lightweight and was very fond of riding races, but polo was his long suit.

— SABRETACHE





*The Earl of Dunraven in the paddock with M. P. Carter, the French trainer, and F. Palmer, Double Luck's French jockey*



*Mrs. Victor McCalmont leading in her husband's filly Agar's Plough, whom Bert Holmes rode to tremendous finish. It was Major McCalmont's first Irish classic success*

## IRISH OAKS WAS A "NO QUARTER" BATTLE

SPECTATORS at the Curragh saw a magnificent race when Agar's Plough won the Irish Oaks from Nile Bird, with much-fancied Double Luck and Mah Behar, trained in France, offering a serious challenge



*Viscount Scarsdale, from Kedleston, Derby, attending his first Curragh meeting, was talking with Mrs. George Maskell just before horses went out for the big race*



*Capt. and Mrs. Kenneth Urquhart, joint-Masters of the Naas Harriers, had been checking their race cards*



*Mrs. Roderick More O'Ferrall, wife of the owner, was over from London for this very popular meeting*



*The Countess of Dunraven in the members' stand with Mrs. Jack Thursby, who owns some good horses*



## A FAMOUS REGIMENT'S 200<sup>TH</sup> BIRTHDAY



THE King's Royal Rifle Corps gave its bicentenary ball at the Hyde Park Hotel recently. This enjoyable occasion was followed a few days later by the visit of the Queen, Colonel-in-Chief of the Regiment, to its bicentenary parade at Winchester



Her Majesty and Prince Philip talk with the Prime Minister and Lady Eden, and Lt.-Gen. Sir Euan Miller and Gen. Sir Evelyn Barker, the two Colonels Commandant of the K.R.R.C., during the very impressive "birthday parade" at Winchester



Miss Prudence St. Aubyn, Sir Hereward Wake, Capt. Arscott St. Aubyn and Lady Hereward Wake at the ball in London



Lord Grenfell, a former K.R.R.C. officer, and Lady Grenfell at the cold buffet



Mr. Michael Fuller, sitting out one of the dances with Miss Polly Penn



Mrs. Humphrey Salmon and Mr. Alban Davies were chatting on the balcony





*Major Bob Ferrand, one of the organisers of the ball, Mr. and Mrs. J. Crompton, and Mrs. David Ferrand*



*Lt.-Gen. Sir Euan Miller, Lady Derwent, Lady Miller and Lord Derwent, who is an officer of the Regiment*



*The Earl and Countess of March at the ball. Lord March is the elder son and heir of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and has served with the K.R.R.C.*



*The Hon. Julian Grenfell was showing Miss Susan Hampshire, one of this year's debutantes, some of the beautiful Regimental silver which was on display*



*Miss Catrion Macleod and Mr. Jocelyn Stevens, two more of the 500 guests*



*Miss Penn and Lord Nicholas Gordon-Lennox, the younger son of the Duke of Richmond*



*The Hon. Jeremy Monson, Grenadier Guards, dancing with Miss Jane Peake*



## At the Theatre

# THE ABSURDITY OF TRIANGLES

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood

**I**N *Nina*, which has reached the Haymarket in an anglicised version by Mr. Arthur Macrae, M. André Roussin is less witty than usual. Very likely he is distracted by the business of continually knotting and unknotting a plot as thin and as elusive as a piece of worn cotton. Admittedly he goes about this business with a practised theatricality which is neat and admirable, but for wit we must make do with ingenuity.

The characters are the same three that never fail to inspire a French playwright worth his salt—the wife, the wife's lover and the husband. Adolphe, the husband, is, of



THE MIXTURE AS BEFORE: The three classic characters of elegant French farce, Nina, the erring wife, unscrupulous and charming (Coral Browne), her worthy husband Adolphe (James Hayter), and her lover Georges (Michael Hordern), a world-weary amorist

course, a good little citizen who imagines, in his prim way, that he has a profound respect for social order. Arriving to do his duty as a husband by shooting the rich amorist who has been making love to his wife, he is taken aback to find that the idle fellow is temporarily so sated with his amorous routine that he is perfectly resigned to die; indeed, almost impatient to receive the happy quietus.

**B**UT the telephone-bell keeps ringing and always there is a different woman with a charming voice on the line. The would-be murderer becomes enthralled by the spectacle of an accomplished libertine at work. Off the well-hung tongue of the weary Georges trip tender promises of appointments which often he has no intention of keeping. Adolphe listens. He has no illusions about his own sex appeal, but he has had his dreams, and as he listens he admires and begins to form for Georges the sort of hero-worship that a pimply schoolboy might feel for an elder brother lording it among the ladies.

**T**HE wife, finding her husband and lover together, confronts the situation without a flicker of embarrassment. Observing that Adolphe is developing a cold, she insists that he shall go to bed in the only bed that the apartment possesses. They all pass an uncomfortable night together, and in the morning Adolphe learns to his alarm that Nina has no intention of letting Georges break off his liaison with her. His heart bleeds for her hero. Nina, he well knows, will end by making the enviable libertine utterly dependent on her. There is nothing else for it: he must poison his wife for the sake of his friend. We always like to see the poisoned cup of coffee passing from hand to hand, and we are given many chances to see it, but this time it is rather less effective than usual. Nina drinks off with relish a whole cup of poison, the merest sip of which nearly kills her husband,

and we have to wait for some explanation of this phenomenon.

**H**OWEVER, the incident provides the matter of the third act. Here Adolphe, having abandoned the idea of killing Georges, and then the idea of killing Nina, finally settles for the idea of killing himself. His inevitable failure to carry out the idea enables M. Roussin to ease off the farcical variations he has been playing on a theme and venture on the theme itself. Nina thinks of herself as a strong woman. Despairing of finding a man as strong as herself, she has got into the habit of treating men as difficult but attractive children (a mere sip of what mother can swallow comfortably will make a child terribly ill: hence her lofty way with poison). She happens to like her husband. She loves the amorist. She intends to lose neither of them. And when she comes to put her power to the test a stroke of farce gives her the victory. Husband and lover are tucked-up together in bed, two small boys more or less happily dependent on someone older and wiser and stronger than themselves.

**T**HE high jinks are, I think, a great deal more enjoyable than the philosophic pretensions which recall Shaw's *Candida* to their own enormous disadvantage. It may be, however, that we should find M. Roussin's serious thoughts easier to take if Miss Coral Browne gave Nina's charm a more enigmatic grace. She is obviously intended to be something more than a very determined and self-confident woman; without an air of mystery she becomes a little unsympathetic. Mr. Michael Hordern nicely distinguishes between the world-weary amorist and the spoiled boy looking for a present to make good conduct worth while, and Mr. James Hayter is great fun as a cross between Billy Bunter and Mr. Pickwick. Mr. Lockwood West makes one brilliant intervention as a policeman investigating a murder before it has been committed.



MURDER PREMEDITATED is investigated before the event, with typical Gallic verve and panache by Agent de Police (Lockwood West)





Maria Austria

*“Come not between the dragon and his wrath”*

SIR JOHN GIELGUD first played King Lear at the newly-reopened Sadler's Wells in 1931. His fourth “renascence” of the part in the Stratford Festival touring company's production at the Palace Theatre, has given free rein to controversy and critical attack. Sets and costumes are by the Japanese sculptor Noguchi, whose severe and highly stylised work is thought to recall space-fiction rather than Shakespeare.



## At the Pictures

# THAT SCALPEL AGAIN

MR. STANLEY KRAMER is a producer-director whose work heretofore has been distinguished by imagination and integrity. I am sorry to say that these admirable qualities seemed to me only rarely discernible in his latest film, *Not as a Stranger*. It contains several adult and cynical passages and some excellent acting, but these could not dispel a sinking feeling that the thing, as a whole, is pretentious and bogus. Some of Mr. Kramer's earlier pictures, such as *Death of a Salesman*, showed respect for the art of the cinema but, alas, no profit; the saving disgrace of this one is that it is purely commercial.

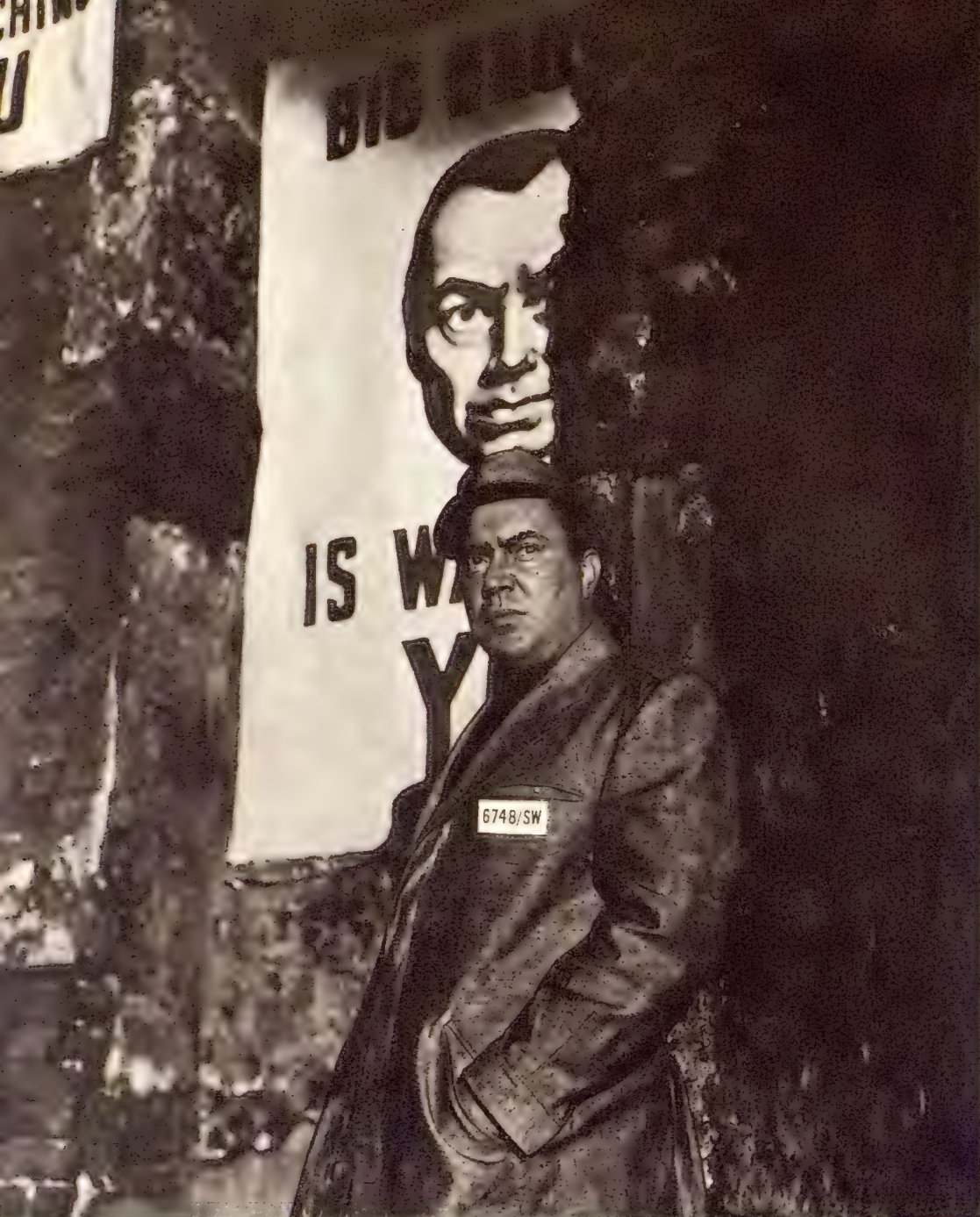
The central figure is a medical student who dedicates himself to medicine "with the fervour of a crusader." He is an idealist, a perfectionist, a fanatic—but the chief trouble with him is that he is played by Mr. Robert Mitchum, who looks droopy and dozey and no more dedicated than a doormat.

PERHAPS the character is so much the creation of the novelist, Mr. Morton Thompson, that he should just have been left between the covers of a book; but if he *had* to be brought to the screen I think somebody like Mr. James Mason—if there is anybody like Mr. James Mason—could have made a better stab at it. Come to think of it, Mr. Mason played the ruthless Dr. Paul Venner in A. J. Cronin's *Jupiter Laughs* (1941) and a flashing performance it was. Mr. Mitchum, relying with misplaced confidence upon a dead-pan technique, is not even faintly incandescent as Lucas Marsh.

Marsh, lacking funds to pay his medical college fees, marries a nurse from Minnesota for her money and is thus able to graduate. Miss Olivia de Havilland, dyed an unbecoming platinum blonde and speaking with a good Swedish accent, makes the nurse a very dull girl—which is commendably conscientious of her but a mite boring for the audience.

WHEN he's established in a rural practice, Marsh embarks on a slight affair with a rich horse-breeder, Miss Gloria Grahame—a vision of sin with a stiff upper lip. His wife realises, a little late in the day, that he does not love her and, though she is to have a baby, throws him out. He devotes himself to medicine with more ardour than ever. He is so convinced of his own infallibility as a practitioner, one foresees that he will have to be humbled—and one is too right. Performing a horrid emergency operation on one of his colleagues, he loses his patient. This sends him, sobbing, back to his wife—and me, shuddering, out of the cinema. I cannot regard surgical operations as entertainment. Silly of me, of course.

Mr. Frank Sinatra is intelligent and convincing as the kind of doctor who aims at a Cadillac rather than a cure, and Mr. Broderick Crawford as a wise old professor and Mr. Charles Bickford as a creased but competent country doctor, are both excellent. But the film is not for me.



GEORGE ORWELL'S terrifying story *1984* is now under production at Elstree. Edmond O'Brien, as the ill-fated hero, is seen standing against the sinister "Big Brother" poster

## Television

### THESE YELLOWING LEAVES

IT may be in gloomy anticipation of a TV diet consisting increasingly of films and telerecordings; or it may be in a twilit mood of pure nostalgia that the B.B.C. seems to be going through scrap-books at Shepherd's Bush.

At least the present "Looking Back" series, giving various familiar personalities the run of the B.B.C. film files, also allows them to develop themes of their choice. Patrick O'Donovan is now, alas, lost to viewers and gone to the United States as correspondent for his Sunday newspaper. Before leaving he was able to prepare his compilation film on the theme: "Nationalism All Over the World."

In the coming week we are to see two more in the series. To-morrow Paul Jennings illustrates his view that "Progress is an Ogress," with special reference to transport. Mr. Jennings is a lively wit in print or person. As one of TV's few truly lightweight entertainers he could

be used much more variously than in the most cross-wordy of panel games, "Down You Go." His transport compilation film can hardly fail to invite comparison with that enchanting Canadian cartoon, *The Romance of Transport*. Monday's "Looking Back," by Sheila Van Damm, will, of course, still be motorised.

SINCE this policy of "compilation films" gave us that wonderful glimpse of old Garbo pictures, I have regarded it with gratitude. The advantage of telerecordings is likewise to enable the B.B.C. to give some permanence to its successes. So coming shortly—next week, in fact—we can look forward to repeats of Robert Barr's wittiest documentary, *Mock Auction*; Harold Clayton's fine production of *Romeo and Juliet*, with Virginia McKenna; and a compilation from David Attenborough's delightful *Zoo Quest*.

—Freda Bruce Lockhart







Alastair Sim, Yvonne Mitchell and John Mills discuss the problem of the younger generation in *Escapade*

In *The Seven Year Itch*, a slick screen version of the amusing play, Mr. Tom Ewell is a husband who, following an ancient New York tribal custom, packs his wife and son off on a summer holiday while he remains behind in the sweltering city. He has been married for seven years and, according to the psychiatrists, is thus due to experience an urge towards infidelity. It comes upon him when he meets the girl from the flat upstairs—Miss Marilyn Monroe, giving a deliciously calculated performance of blonde dumbness.

One is to suppose that the affair remains pure because of her essential innocence: I found that a little difficult, in view of Miss Monroe's wardrobe. Mr. Ewell brilliantly sustains the rôle of a plain man whose male vanity is inordinate, and though his fevered flights of imagination are a trifle too frequent, most of them are hilariously funny.

**E**SCAPADE, based upon Mr. Roger Macdougall's play, is a comedy with more than a grain of a serious idea behind it. I can well believe that youth, surveying the muddles made by their elders, might decide to make a bold bid for world peace unaided by grown-ups. This is what the boys of Ferndale School do—under the leadership of Icarus, eldest son of a truculent pacifist (Mr. John Mills), who is for ever warring with his marriage-fatigued wife (Miss Yvonne Mitchell).

When Icarus and his two younger brothers vanish from the school, their parents and their headmaster—Mr. Alastair Sim, who contrives to be sympathetic as well as droll—are thrown into a fine tizzy. All the schoolboys are in on the peace plot and could, if they would, explain the nature of the brothers' mission—but they won't. Neither will I—for the director, Mr. Philip Leacock, has created a mounting excitement and tension which it would be criminal to destroy.

Mr. Mills is wonderfully explosive as the furious father, Mr. Colin Gordon sketches in a fetching study of a newshound, and among the juveniles, Masters Jeremy Spencer and Andrew Ray are outstanding.

**T**HE revival of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, made by Herrn. Max Reinhardt and William Dieterle in 1935, should not be missed. It reminds one of how the camera should be used. It creates, in terms of true cinema, an authentic atmosphere of faerie. The accents of some of the players are a little hard to take, but I shall long remember, with admiration, the performance of Mr. Victor Jory as the dark, majestic Oberon, Mr. James Cagney as Bottom and Master Mickey Rooney—whose malicious, gloating Puck is the best I've ever seen.

—Elsbeth Grant



Cecil Beaton

A CAREER IN FILMS begins for Mary Ure, the beautiful young actress who was hailed so enthusiastically in Anouilh's *Time Remembered*. She will be seen shortly in *Storm Over the Nile*

## The Gramophone

### RUTH ETTING'S SHADOW



**R**EAL life stories have always found an eager public with the milling masses in the U.S.A., and it is never surprising to discover movie magnates turning the full heat on the lives of the ignoble and celebrated alike. Their latest victim is one of the best-known torch-singing queens of the jazz age: Ruth Etting.

It is many years since she jerked tears from her world-wide following with such songs as "Ten Cents a Dance," "Mean To Me" and "I'll Never Be The Same."

**S**OME of the effects she set down in the grooves twenty years ago would be classed as "gimmicks" to-day, but let me assure you that Ruth Etting had a warmth and sweetness in her voice that required no embellishments. This is interesting, especially when to-day, with all the modern improvements in recording, there are some who insist that the recorded

voice now sounds better than *la voix en plein*.

It has fallen to the lot of Doris Day to take over the lead in the Etting film *Love Me Or Leave Me*, and, of course, she sings a-plenty.

There is a Long Play available in the U.S.A. of Ruth Etting re-issues, and also a series of recordings from the sound tracks of the film sung by Doris Day.

The difference between these records is that the Day has practically everything but the kitchen-stove (and that includes a chorus of celestial voices) to gild it on its way, whereas the Etting has no more than Miss Etting!

Doris Day is a talented artist and, by present-day standards, an entirely satisfactory singer, but by comparison with Ruth Etting she gives an epoch-making performance with these Etting songs of very—but very—flat pink champagne! (Philips B.B.L. 7047.—B.P. 488-9.)

—Robert Tredinnick





*The Hon. Mrs. John Wyndham talking to Viscountess Cowdray near the luncheon chalets*



*Miss Carolyn Reynolds and Mr. Michael Bridges-Webb check the runners for the Steward's Cup*



*Miss Sharman Douglas with the Earl and Countess of Westmorland, who are all keen racegoers*

## A HEATWAVE AND FIRM GOING FOR THE GOODWOOD MEETING

THIS year huge crowds attended the four-day meeting in Sussex, which is undoubtedly one of the finest racing spectacles in the world. Several course records were broken and the picture on the right shows the close finish of the Steward's Cup, which was won by Mr. Walter C. Tarry's four-year-old King Bruce (right), ridden by W. Rickaby, a head in front of Mr. W. H. Moralee's Roman Vale, who was in turn four lengths in front of Mr. Clifford Nicholson's Wicket

*Mrs. Hamilton Stubber met Mr. Peter Koch de Gooreynd and Miss Fiona Menzies in the members' enclosure*

*H. Packham, the jockey, explaining the running in the Craven Stakes to the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk*



*Col. and Mrs. Claud Leach enjoying the brilliant sunshine between races*



*Captain and Mrs. Charles Cook came over from their home near Horsham*





Mrs. Peter Beckwith Smith seen chatting to her friends, Lord and Lady Roderic Pratt



Mr. and Mrs. Prichard Jones studying form near the grandstand on the first day



Captain Elsey, the trainer, with Lady Zia Wernher and Sir Harold Wernher



Standing By . . .

## PLEASE, MISS ALICE!

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"WOMEN aboard!" blared the massed loudspeakers of a U.S. naval squadron in San Diego (Cal.) harbour the other day, and a search by 5,000 furious sailors eventually dug out a blonde sleeping off a hangover in a destroyer's locker.

She made less trouble for her navy nevertheless than Alice Marjoribanks, the Mayfair sweetheart who for love of a handsome captain hid in No. 7 boiler of one of H.M. cruisers ordered into action and was hoicked out in the nick of time on the high seas, unboiled, without a smudge on her lovely face or a crumple in her Paris frock. This happened in a naval drama at the Olympic Theatre, London, in the 1890's called *True Blue*. Shaw, then a critic, wrote a tasty little piece about it, La Marjoribanks being the leading spirit of a whole gaggle of wellbred English Roses who had come aboard at Gibraltar and decided to Stand By Their Men, hide here and there, and foil a number of foreign spies. Another interesting thing was that one of the authors of *True Blue* was a lieutenant R.N.

And every supporter of the Navy League will ask himself (unlike Shaw) what would have happened if Miss Marjoribanks had been forgotten amid the bustle of action-stations and turned into soup or steam. We gather this would be a routine matter between their Lordships and "S" and "E" Branches ("State consistency, flavour, and/or pressure at moment of conversion . . ."). Anyway the incident shows what nuisances women can be to naval chaps—compare Black-Eyed Susan and Gunner's Mate Jane Austen—especially at the pipe of "Up spirits," 1100 hrs. ("Daily Sea Routine," N.R. Handbook, Chap. X.)

### Prize

Nor least among the crimes of the grocer in Chesterton's song, you may recall, is his cruel lack of good fellowship, as compared with the kindly urges of the innkeeper:

*But who hath seen the grocer  
Treat housemaids to his teas?  
Or crack a bottle of fish-sauce,  
Or stand a man a cheese?*

A London grocer who lately treated 50 of his best customers (*vide* Press) to a cookery-demonstration followed by a musical play seems to be aware at last of this stain on the racket. His example is apparently to be followed by other grocers, and one obvious competitive development will occur to everybody—namely, the bestowal of the hand of a grocer's lovely daughter on the purchaser of the greatest number of tins of Slobbo Synthetic Salmon. Tennyson's Eustace, had he not fallen already for the gardener's daughter, would be just the kind of romantic to win this delicious prize at all costs.

"Take her," the Grocer murmur'd, "she is yours."

And Eustace dropp'd his pile of tins and crawl'd,  
Bent double with internal pain, to where  
The Grocer's daughter like a budding rose  
Blush'd half-conceal'd behind the margarine . . .

As she would soon be a widow, the Grocer could put her up for competition again and again. One sees no end to it all, as H. G. Wells was so fond of crying. Should one?

### Macabre

"PHILOSOPHERS in Quiet Mood," summed up Auntie Times with nervous relief after noting "amicable unanimity" at the recent joint conference at Bristol of the Aristotelian Society and the Mind Association. To us it seems all wrong, unnatural, and faintly sinister, like a quiet gathering of booky girls or doggies.

The philosophical urge to brawl and fight begins at home, as the eminent Schopenhauer may have remarked when he beat up a lady who gave a party in his rooms without permission. At a Ph.D.'s breakfast-table all hell may break loose (as we can testify) over what a Realistic thinker calls "another—Nominalist egg," or an egg having apparently nothing in common with eggs in



general but the name. Another kind of domestic trouble seemed to be implied in a scrap of conversation overheard not long ago between two morose Sorbonnical types in a café on the Boulevard St. Michel, running thus:

"Marcel est subjectiviste. Sa femme aussi."

"Et sa fille?"

"Phénoménaliste."

"Tiens! Il est cocu?"

"Possible."

One gathered the absent philosopher did not worry much over his misfortune, but at home he was probably a terror, roaring and laying about him with the rolled-up last issue of *La Vie Philosophique*.

### Lines

To a Party of LCC Dustmen, on Finding a Dear Little Actress Curled Up in An Ashcan, Smiling Shyly.

Dustmen, this fragile bird of Paradise  
Fled from the stage's fevers. She was wise.

Wrapping up warmly in her pearls and mink,  
She sought a quiet place to sit and think.

Here in this ashcan, far from stress and strife,  
She learned to readjust herself to Life.

Go easy, dustmen. Pray refrain from larking.  
Shoot her out gently on the dumps at Barking.

Smile, kiss your hands, and leave on tiptoe,  
please.

And never mind the pearls. They're Japanese.



BRIGGS

by GRAHAM





## "WELCOME HOME" PARTY IN BUCKS

SOME 150 guests went to a delightful evening party given by Mr. and Mrs. Alec Gold at their home, Finchers, Beaumont End, near Amersham, to welcome their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. John Handford, who were on holiday from their home in S. Africa. Above: Mr. J. Handford, Mrs. Gold, Mrs. Handford and Mr. Alec Gold waiting for their guests to arrive



Debutante Miss Joanna Vanderfelt, Mr. Mark Tress, Miss Gemma Tress and Mr. C. A. V. Ash had a midnight game of putting

The Hon. Mrs. John Gilbey dancing with Mr. Giles Gilbey

Miss Jane Randall who was dancing with Mr. Mark Watney



Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Grice, Mrs. Jack Evans and Mr. R. Beecroft found a rug and some cushions outside and enjoyed a glass of champagne



Mrs. Oliver Nickalls, Miss Joan Cheney and Mr. Robin Gold sat under one of the large trees in the garden which was floodlit for the occasion



Capt. Richard Randall and Miss Belinda Goldsmith were also among the many guests



The many young married couples present also included Mr. and Mrs. Julian More

Desmond O'Neill





VIOLETTA ELVIN, the Sadler's Wells ballerina, in a garden at Aix-les-Bains, where she has been participating in the International Festival of Dance. Others who have been taking part in the Festival are John Field, also from Sadler's Wells, and Mme. Rambert and her ballet company

Priscilla of Paris

## DOWN TO THE SEA

**FROM THE ISLAND:** It was high time to leave Paris! Storms and heat-waves on the boulevards or even in the Bois de Boulogne are less bearable than out in the wide open spaces. At even the biggest swimming-pools there was "standing-room only" in the water; one was reminded of the "forty men standing and eight horses" (lengthways, I presume) of the 1914-18 box-cars.

Add to this the intolerable din of the road-drills in use, day and night, for the widening of the Avenue de l'Opera and the building of the underground passage of the Place de l'Alma; no wonder the exodus was greater than ever this year. The mid-July rush was terrific, although it was run very close by the early August departures. It is a blessing that the high roads of the *la belle France* are, as *mon cher confrère* Oliver Stewart so truly writes, less congested than in England.

I have a complaint to make, however about driving along the excellent high roads of this country. It is one that I have nursed for some time. Most of the big towns—and quite a few small ones—have followed the ukase of Paris—No Hooting. With the result that drivers are so accustomed to proceed in silence that they no longer hoot on the road. When one is gently ambling along at a sober 90 kilometres an hour and admiring the view, it is slightly jarring to be passed, without warning, by Magnificent Monsters doing 120!

**I**F it is argued that one ought to keep a watchful eye on the *retro-viseur* (whatever that may be in English), I say "NO!" I keep two watchful eyes on the road and scenery and drive straight. With an electric, red-arrow signal (no arm-flapping), I give due warning when I prepare to move over in order to pass anything. I consider, therefore, that it is up to the bloke behind to

give a discreet toot when he (or she) proposes to pass me. May I be forgiven for this little grouch, that I have now got rid of by speaking of it.

**O**N arriving here a week ago, somewhat town-worn and weary, I daily spent hours in the sea. Now, cool and refreshed between dips, I am able to crawl inland a little and take notice. I do not care for all that I see. "My" Island is one of the several pleasant islands that emerge, like giant stepping-stones, off the west coast of France. I have enthused and written about it for many years but—wisely, I think—never by name.

Too many people are finding their way to this part of the world and we, perhaps selfish, old habitués, are hanging out notice-boards, "Keep away." When the hours of low tide are favourable the place is overrun by excursionists. Motor coaches arrive from as far away as—but I mention no names. As many as forty of these fabulous vehicles are sometimes lined up along the main road from the village to the coast, and since no proper provision has been made for the comfort of the visitors they bring, the result is generally regrettable. Those of us who have shanties in some fairly inaccessible creek lie low and hope that the excursionists will return home with a thoroughly bad impression of the place.

Meanwhile *Monsieur le Facteur* still makes his rounds on an antiquated push-bike and brings us news of the lads and lovelies who have no yearning for solitude and the simple life.

**M**AURICE CHEVALIER, who seems to grow younger every time one sees him, is just back from a 20,000-kilometre trip, taking Johannesburg and Pretoria in his stride, during which he gave twenty-one recitals. This was to run-in the programme he intends to present on Broadway in September. Before he leaves for the States he has engagements this summer at Cannes, Juan les Pins, Monte Carlo, Megeve, Vittel and La Baule. He is also due to take a cure, but whether for liver or nerves we know not. Judging from his appearance he does not appear to suffer from either.

The highlight of his engagements will be his rôle of speaker and M.C. at the famous annual charity, Bal des Petits Tits Blancs, which takes place this year on August 28th at Deauville. There will be the usual sumptuous dinner, the usual all-star entertainment, the usual gorgeous prizes and gifts and—oh, yes, there will be dancing!

Lilo, back from her long success in French Can-Can in New York, will sing and thus renew contact with a French audience; not that an audience at Deauville in August can be described as anything but cosmopolitan!

**M**LE FACTEUR also brought me a charming story about the eight ladies of the Moulin Rouge Can-Can. They were asked to appear, on their weekly free evening, at a big charity fête somewhere out of France. They were delighted and permission was given, but six of the ladies are married and have small children. Mme. Bauchet, who manages the Moulin Rouge, was obliged to arrange a crèche where the babies were properly cared for during Mama's absence. How Toulouse-Lautrec would have loved this tale!

### Chanson Sans Parolles . . .

● The most unpopular actor in Paris at the moment is R— M— of the Comédie Française. He has managed to slim off 16 kilos in five weeks . . . and refuses to say how it was done!







Miss Celia Honnywill and Sub-Lt. Christopher Walker, R.N., waiting for the rest of their party

**THE FIVE** Roman Catholic public schools, Stonyhurst, Downside, Ampleforth, Douai and Beaumont, gave their combined ball at the Dorchester, a highly successful event which was enjoyed by nearly 500 guests. Dancing went on until dawn lightened the sky, and there was a break for cabaret, given by Hutch, at midnight



Mr. Mark Sykes, from Shute House, nr. Shaftesbury, organiser of the ball, Mr. Christopher Gibbs and Miss Juliet Woodall were about to go in to dinner



Miss Anne Plunkett dancing with Mr. S. Green-Armytage



The Hon. Michael Morris was partnering Miss Juliet Reynolds



A waltz before dinner for two of the guests, Miss Anne Loftis and Mr. John O'Donovan



Miss Jane Sibley and Mr. Tom Chetwynd were enjoying a fox-trot to Bill Saville's band



Desmond O'Neil

A debutante of this season, Miss Patricia Wynne-Williams in conversation with Mr. R. A. Welling, Miss Brenda Dove and Mr. Tremayne Rodd





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and Bystander  
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### THE CASTLE BY DEESIDE

ON the eve of the Royal holiday in Scotland comes appropriately *Balmoral: the History of a Home*, by Ivor Brown (Collins; 18s.). This entertaining and well-balanced piece of research is written with the author's customary choiceness of word and tautness of phrase. The illustrations include (left and right) Winterhalter's portraits of Prince Albert and Queen Victoria and (above) a Landseer drawing of Charles Duncan, one of the Royal ghillies

Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

## DEVIL IN THE PULPIT

**M**ESSIAH, by Gore Vidal (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.), is a terrifying and brilliant novel: subject, the enforcement of a new religion upon the world. The scene is America, the time only a year or two ahead of our own: that is, the later 1950's. But the tale is told retrospectively—looked back upon, that is to say, from the viewpoint of fifty years hence. The former Eugene Luther, one of the four concerned in the propagation of the new gospel, now is living at Luxor, in hiding, under another name. Having proved a renegade, he assumes that "Cavite" avengers may be after him. Great is to prove the irony. Eugene, in old age, finds his name expunged, totally, from the Cavite annals. He might never have lived: he is a forgotten man.

**Y**ET it had been Eugene, scholar and dilettante, who had furnished the intellectual driving power for John Cave, the naïve, new-acclaimed "Messiah." Along with Eugene, around Cave, had worked three others—Paul, the publicity man; Iris, a young woman seeking an object in life, and Clarissa, a wealthy hostess with a passion for the new. What is frightening about *Messiah* is that it is a picture of a mammoth "put across"—by means of the star system, Press publicity and, above all, the hypnotising power of television. The aim is the supplanting of Christianity by the pro-death religion, Cavitism. Cavitism denies any after-life: death is extinction. But extinction, John Cave is to preach, is the highest good—it is to be sought, embraced.

Cave, a former undertaker's assistant, has dreamed this up during his professional

work—he had been, by definition, an embalmer. He emerges, at first in a small way, in California—nursery of so many peculiar cults—where Iris declares herself his priestess.

**I**'m not sure that Mr. Vidal quite accounts for the sinister attraction of Cave's preaching. Eighty per cent. of it is a personality stunt (though Cave himself is a modest, unworldly man): otherwise, the lure is that the extinction-doctrine suspends anxieties and caters, presumably, for the "death-wish" which psychologists find latent in our century. But the thing in the main, as already said, is an infernal triumph for television.

*Messiah* gains by the way the story is told—lightly, vividly. We watch the whole thing begin at one of Clarissa's lunch parties, among June peonies. California, Florida and New York are in all their glow of luscious modernity. The characters, including Cave himself, are convincing—indeed, one might meet them anywhere. The crisis is excitingly built up to. This novel makes one think—which is no harm. Gore Vidal (whose *The Judgement of Paris* you may remember) has attracted attention from the start—only a distinguished and fearless imagination could have conceived this extraordinary story, and only first-rate craftsmanship could have steered it through.

★ ★ ★

**B**ELGIAN-BORN Georges Simenon, citizen of the world, is the leading literary prodigy of our time. He combines, that is to say, best-selling qualities with

genius. His production rate can hardly be less than that of the late Edgar Wallace: his prestige, intellectually, is higher. Over 30,000,000 copies of his books have been sold, in eighteen countries—at the same time, critics of the kind who are usually put off by "popularity" cannot speak highly enough of Simenon. His latest book, *DANGER AHEAD* (Hamish Hamilton; 12s. 6d.), carries big names on the back of its jacket—T. S. Eliot, Raymond Mortimer, W. Somerset Maugham, J. B. Priestley and Jean Cocteau all are Simenon addicts, and proud to say so.

Simenon is a superb craftsman. Never yet has he published a story which sags or lags. But the triumph of his art is his view of life—penetrating and philosophic, but fundamentally patient, charged with pity.



**F**OR his scenes and choice of characters, this novelist ranges round several continents—but all his tales have one thing in common: they depend upon people's ignorance of each other and, often, ignorance of themselves. His detective stories, in almost every case, involve psychological discoveries. As Maigret's creator, Simenon cannot but be associated with detective stories. That he writes other fiction, as good, of a different kind, we should be reminded. *Danger Ahead* contains two pieces which, though exciting, are not "mysteries."

"Red Lights" and "The Watchmaker of Everton" are the names of the two short novels in this one volume—the inclusive title *Danger Ahead* suits both.



For here are persons, more or less blameless, shown us as heading for disaster. The scenes are American. Simenon, lately settled in Connecticut, turns the powerful headlights of his imagination on the U.S.A. and its way of life—so smooth-running, yet with such lurking perils.

Much that America takes for granted seems fascinatingly odd to the European. The young-middle-aged, middle-class couple in "Red Lights" are more or less typical of their kind. Both work in New York—she does slightly better than he does, which is galling. At the end of the working day they meet in a bar, drink one martini each, then drive home together to a pleasant outlying residential suburb. Their dinner is in the refrigerator; their two children (at least when the story opens) are away at one of those summer camps which aid American parents with the holiday problem. Steve Hogan, the husband, got down by the cool superiority of Nancy the wife (creaseless even in a New York heat-wave), is periodically given to bouts of drinking. These bring latent hostilities to the surface. And to-night, unhappily, he is set for one of them.

Most unhappily, for it is to-night that the Hogans must take the high road, in an uninterrupted stream of outgoing holiday cars, to retrieve their children from camp near Boston. Their quarrel, the crisis along the way, Steve's sinister passenger and the horrible thing that befalls Nancy make up the story of "Red Lights." The ending, in which the Hogans, shaken to the depths, for the first time *know* each other as human beings, is magnificent. So is Simenon's picture of midnight highways.

In fact, it's with the cracking-across of the surface that reality comes. In "The Watchmaker of Everton" we have a humbler setting—a skilled, patient man in a small town, bound by a mild routine. Dave Galloway, it proves, does not know his son any better than Steve Hogan knows his wife—the sixteen-year-old boy's first wild then



MR. MACREADY (Harrap; 18s., published Aug. 22) is a history of that great 19th-century tragedian and his theatre by the noted theatrical writer, J. C. Trewin. Above shows Macready as King Lear and Helen Faucit as Cordelia

terrible escapades come as eye-openers. The police chase, the father's pathetic journey, his confrontation with his son and the girl are moving. The dialogue is, here, of Simenon's best. But I think "Red Lights" will be the more popular story of the two.

★ ★ ★  
NO TRUE LIFE, by Miriam Blanco-Fombona (Lincolns-Prager; 12s. 6d.), is a novel placed at a disadvantage by a misleading blurb. This is a pity, and not the author's fault. On the jacket we read that "in the pathetic figure of Kathy we can all recognise the young Irish girl who for the first time comes over from Ireland, and is bewildered and frightened beyond description by the wicked world she finds." This could have made a good subject. It does not happen, however, to be Miss Blanco-Fombona's.

Kathy, her heroine, is, it is true, somewhat pathetic in her foolishness. But she leaves a sheltered Derry home for the none less sheltered ambience of a Catholic training college for teachers, outside Edinburgh, run excellently by an order of nuns. The "wicked world" could hardly impact less on her. The story has therefore bypassed what is a serious, vital problem (as has been recently pointed out). Mild homesickness, plus what school reports call "inability to concentrate," are principally the troubles with this young girl, who exclaims "Och!" too often for my liking—and, I think, too often for probability. Kathy's artless mooning around after young Father Peter Hughes, friend of her Derry childhood, is rightly discouraged by the good nuns. One's sympathies are with them when they observe, it's a pity she couldn't make friends with the other girls. Father Peter, no less, is injudicious.

As the story goes on it becomes convincing, indeed touching. *No True Life* (whose author is a Venezuelan lady whose family are resident in England) just misses being a good novel; it is written with courage and in good faith. It *does*, I think, do some good in pointing out the over-innocence, to the point of idiocy, in which some young girls in Ireland are still brought up. The publisher's blurb-writer opines that this novel is "bound to arouse controversy." This I doubt.

JOHN RHODE, detective-story writer of the old English school, gives us *DEATH OF A GODMOTHER* (Geoffrey Bles; 10s. 6d.). This tale depends for its interest on, who done it? The problem it poses, the clues it throws in, are classical. A bossy middle-aged lady is found strangled; many people, one learns, have got it in for her. To read this book makes one realise how much, recently, the art of detective-story writing has been gingered up—glamorous character interest, setting, and brilliant dialogue often eclipse the actual mystery. Mr. Rhode draws upon no adventitious aids. Dependable Jimmy Waghorn stays true to form; Dr. Priestley, aged scientist, this time hardly appears.

★ ★ ★  
CHANGE HERE FOR BABYLON (Collins; 10s. 6d.) should add to the reputation of Nina Bawden, its outstandingly gifted English author. Here's a novel not in the "crime" class, yet using an act of violence to precipitate a crisis in the lives of two married couples, in a Midland provincial university town. Tom Harrington, the "I" of the story, a hard-up don, is torn between pitying tenderness for his wife Nora and desire for handsome, gallant Emily Hunter—whose husband, Geoffrey, is an exasperating success.

The Harringtons seem hampered in every way: Nora's soured mother shares their small-street home; and about the town, making trouble, is Nora's brother—not incapable of blackmail. Meanwhile, Emily, as the result of a showdown, wishes to break away from Geoffrey. . . . One mysterious death is to bring all movements under suspicion.

Here we see likeable people, caged by their weaknesses. Each step taken is, by some fatality, in the wrong direction. Each scene is vivid, haunting, only *too* lifelike! From the prologue-paragraph, on the opening page, we learn that one of the characters ends on the scaffold. Which, and why, the story is to disclose.



Mark Gerson

EDWIN MUIR, C.B.E., the poet and writer who has been invited by Harvard University, U.S.A., to become Charles Eliot Norton Professor of Poetry for 1955-56, a post once held by T. S. Eliot. He takes up his appointment in September



JOY PACKER, South African author of the entertaining autobiographies, *Apes and Ivory* and others, has her first novel, *Valley of the Vines*, published by Eyre and Spottiswoode this month. She is the wife of Admiral Sir Herbert Packer, K.C.B.





The blouse for the suit. A simple tailored shirt in pink shantung costing £2 11s. 6d. We think this suit is a particularly good compromise—tough enough for the horse shows or Highland Games and sufficiently fashion conscious for the end of the holiday trip to London. An extremely useful suit and one that should wear and wear.

## CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

Jenner's also sell this very young and easy-to-wear pull-on jersey hat in various pretty shades to match the suit. In this the teen-age girl has a smart but simple little hat which gives her youthful chic for town or country wear. It costs 36s. 6d.



HERE is a very charming suit chosen from Jenner's teenage department, especially designed for girls in the fourteen to eighteen age group. It is made of Scottish tweed in a range of misty shades, this one being flecked with pink.

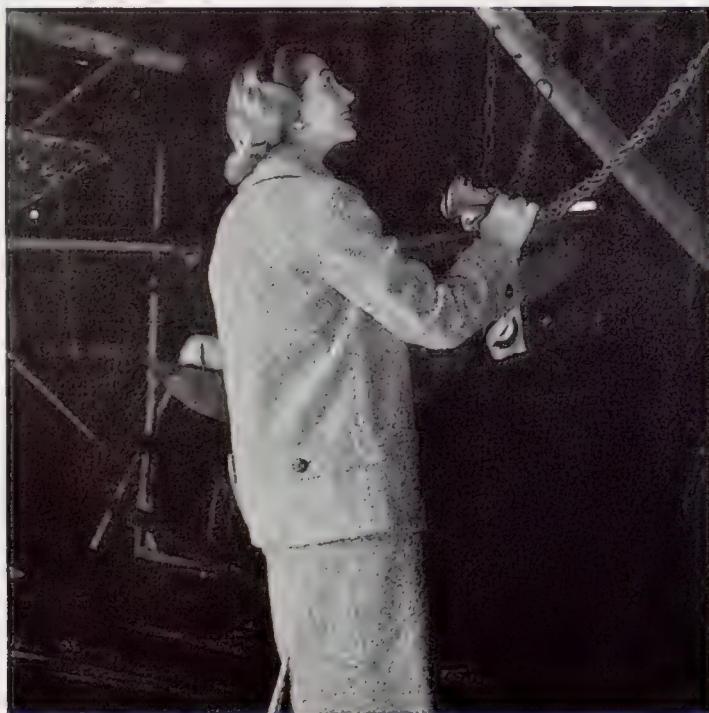
## Now she is home for the holidays

The suit has high-placed pockets and a long body line extremely flattering to the small-size figure. We liked its price, too, which at £23 17s. 6d. is excellent value

—MARIEL DEANS







## CLASSIC LINE FOR THE BRITISH COUNTRYWOMAN

*Deréa makes this very simple brown and white rough tweed suit with its slim skirt and rather long straight jacket, which fastens with brown wood buttons. On the left a back-view of the jacket shows the nice line of the pockets. In fact the two suits shown on these pages are worthy of the best traditions of British tailoring*



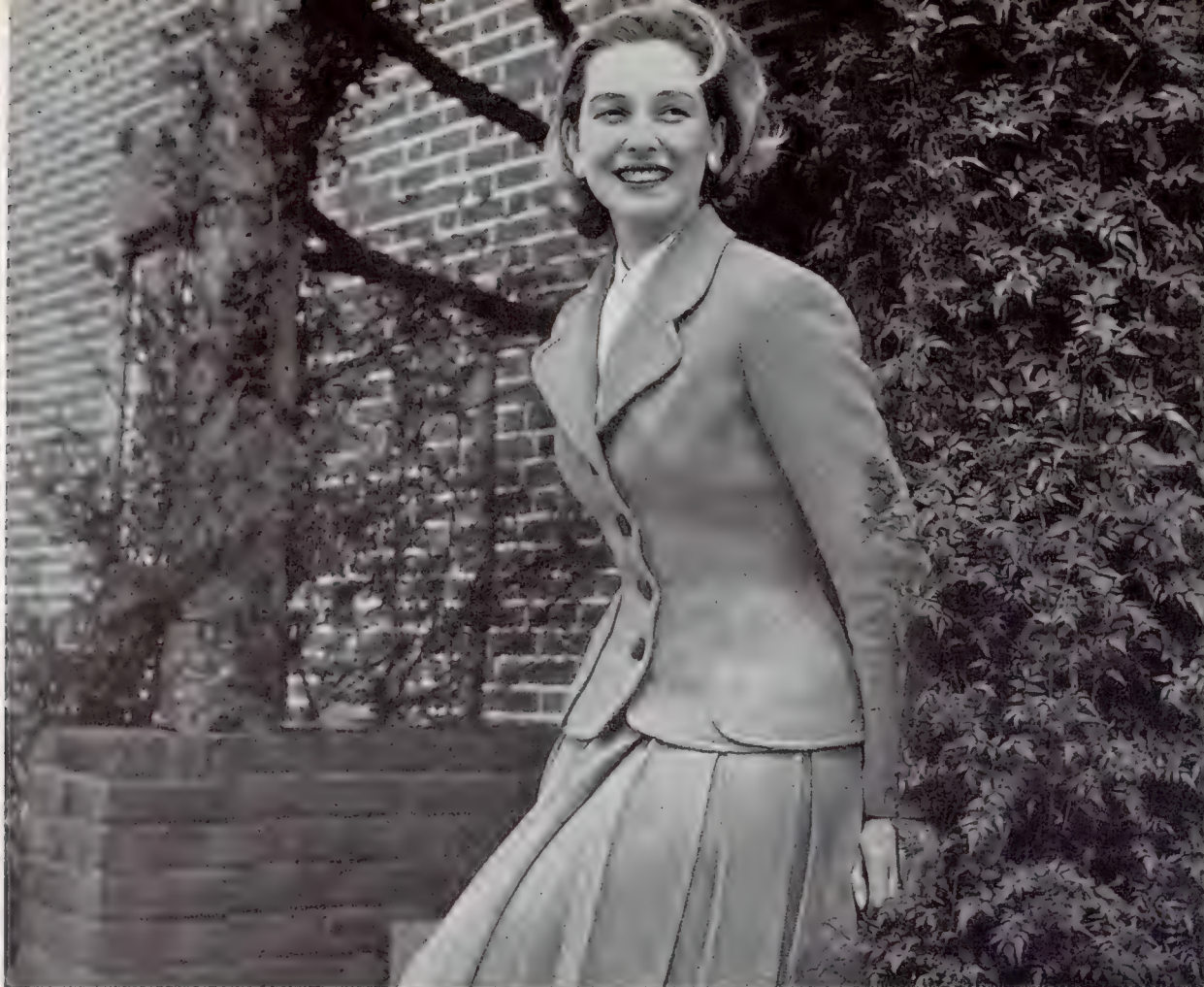


NOTHING looks more self-assured and entirely right than a well-cut tweed suit in English country surroundings (writes Mariel Deans). Good tweeds, like good leather, positively improve with time and should be tailored with classic severity. Cut is all and the lack of it something that is impossible to hide. In these photographs taken on a Surrey farm, we show half a dozen excellent suits that would come up smiling with the hardest treatment year after year

*Photographed with her Hillman Husky, a wonderful help on any farm, this girl wears Windsmoor's brown Scottish tweed shadow check suit, double-breasted with patch pockets, and a straight skirt that has width given by three inverted pleats. Harrods of Knightsbridge have it in stock*







*Matita's suit of hydrangea pink tweed has a skirt made with tapering box pleats all round. Notice the pleasant cut of its patch pockets, rounded to match revers and jacket opening. In stock at Dickins & Jones*



Continuing—  
CLASSIC LINE  
FOR THE BRITISH  
COUNTRYWOMAN

*A pale, oatmeal coloured tweed suit by Crayson. It has very high, curved breast pockets and a high rounded collar. Six dark brown buttons fasten the long line from neck to jacket hem. It comes from Harrods Budget Shop*





*Brenner's charmingly youthful suit of dark green saffron-flecked tweed has a turned down collar and full-pleated skirt. Tough and adaptable, this is a wonderful suit for farm life. From Debenham's Budget Shop*

“New woven tweeds, display'd  
to grace the stubble land”

*From Simon Massey's Budget Collection, a suit in blue-green tweed with a straight skirt and double breasted jacket. It has prettily rounded patch pockets and a great air of elegance. From Harvey Nichols, of Knightsbridge*





These exotic sun glasses decorated with fruit and flowers, come from Italy, and are meant specially for wearing at the seaside. Woollands have them, at £10 10s.



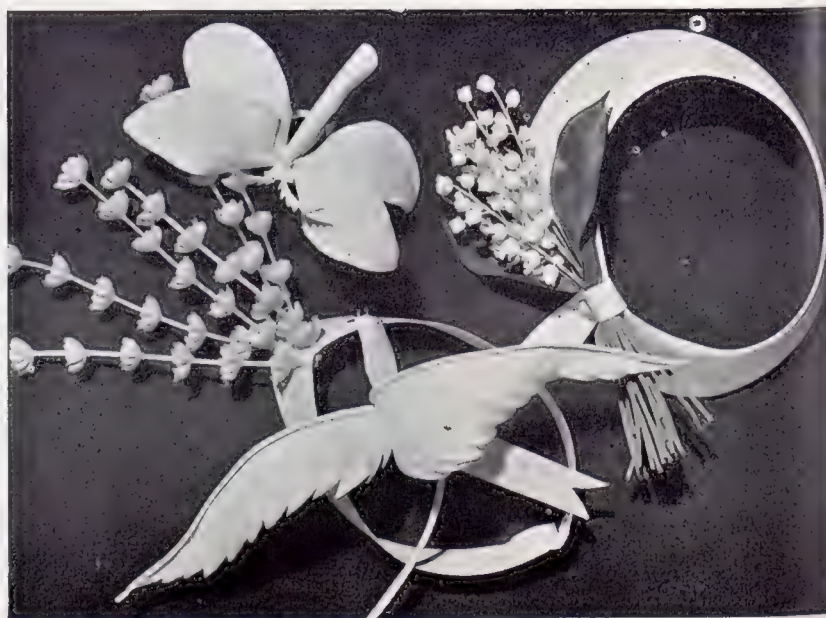
## Triumph of the flowers

Coloured necklet  
99s. 6d. Earclips  
15s. 6d. Deben-  
ham & Freebody



*ACCESSORIES of every kind proclaim that flowers are in full bloom, not only in the garden but on your neckwear, your handkerchiefs, your jewellery and your sun glasses, seen through which life is couleur de rose. — JEAN CLELAND*

Collar with lilies  
£4 4s., with yellow  
flowers, £5 3s.,  
bird, £2 5s. 9d.,  
butterfly, 35s. 9d.,  
from Harrods







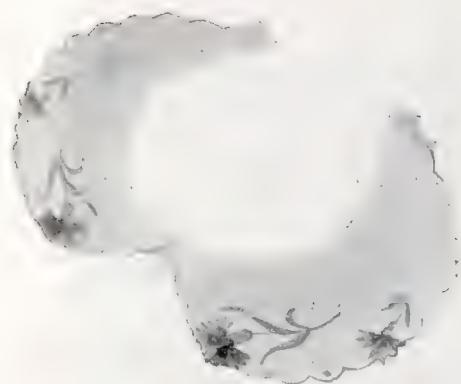
The newest Parisian ribbon cravats, with lily-of-the-valley and wild rose designs. Debenham and Freebody have them at 5s. 9d. in many colours



Altogether dainty are these Swiss lawn handkerchiefs, embroidered with sprays of flowers. They are 8s. 6d. and 9s. 6d. each, and may be obtained from Debenham and Freebody



Exquisite table mats (heat-proof) with Redouté prints. Price 12s. 9d., larger 15s., Debenham and Freebody



White, flowered collar to "gay up" a sweater, summer suit or dress. They cost only 8s. 9d. each, at Harrods



Harp, lute and horn join the flowers to embellish the corners of these Swiss handkerchiefs, which are also in stock at Debenham and Freebody, for 5s. 6d.

Dennis Smith



## Beauty

## "Slim suit" technique

THE Combination method of slimming is the one most likely to reduce your weight quickly and safely. Then that new bathing suit will look its best on you

—JEAN CLELAND



WITH holidays by the sea fast approaching, the day of reckoning is upon us.

Throughout the past year, we have been kidding ourselves—as we fall for new potatoes and the odd éclair—that these trifles won't make any appreciable difference. Why worry about a few pounds here and there?

It is only when we stand in front of a long mirror in a close-fitting swimsuit that we see all too clearly how wrong we were. *The little more, and how much it is.*

Well, this is it. If you want to look trim, you'll have to slim. And since time is short, the sooner you get down to it the better.

IF the extra pounds show round the waist, and on the hips and thighs—as they usually do—get down on the floor and start rolling them away. This, and massage—if you can find time for it—is the quickest and most effective way of dealing with the odd spots. Start by rolling quickly and briskly from side to side; this brings the thighs into line. Then—for the waist—sit up and touch the left foot with the right hand; lie back, and sit up again touching the right foot with the left hand.

Massage, in addition to these exercises, will hasten the reducing process, and although this is

best carried out by an expert masseuse, a great deal can be done in the privacy of the bathroom, by the simple (if, at first, slightly painful) means of pinching, pummelling and rubbing. This may sound silly, but believe me, there's no nonsense about it. It really does do the trick. The idea was "sold" to me by a well-known singer whose curves were too generous. Continuous travelling from place to place made professional massage difficult to fit in, so she tackled the job herself, and when I saw her after a short lapse of time I was amazed at the difference. This is the drill, and it must of course be done regularly for a few minutes night and morning.

SOAK a loofah in cold water, wring it out, and then rub the thighs as briskly as possible until the skin is pink and glowing. Next, make fists of your hands, and pummel quickly, first on one side then on the other. Whack hard, left-right, left-right and so on. Lastly, take up the fleshy parts—the bulges all over the thighs and as far as you can reach round to the back—between the fingers and thumb, and play the old game of "pinch me tight." Pull and pinch, pull and pinch. It is quite clear to see that even a few minutes' daily treatment of this kind *must* help to break up the fatty tissues.

As regards slimming in general, the theories about how this should be done are as numerous and varied as the systems for winning money on the tables, but having talked to all manner of experts on the subject, I have come to the conclusion that the quickest, safest, and most effective method of all, is what I call the "Combination," which is applied as follows:

FIRST, diet. However many different diet sheets you look at, the underlying principle is the same. Cut down the intake of food. That is to say that while you are slimming, and endeavouring to bring down your weight, have rather smaller helpings of food than those which you would normally enjoy. Cut down fats to a minimum (only a very little butter each day), avoid all fried foods, starches, pastries and cakes. Say "no" to potatoes, and "yes" to vegetables and green salads. Cut out the sweet course, and have fresh fruit

instead, and take saccharine instead of sugar. In other words concentrate on the proteins—lean meat, grilled fish, boiled or poached eggs, with vegetables, fruit and salads, and forget the rest as far as you can.

Second, exercise. A brisk walk once or twice a day to keep the body in good condition, and a few special exercises first thing in the morning to limber up, and to firm any flabbiness round the waist, thighs, abdomen, and so on.

Third. Some sort of hot bath once or twice a week to draw out acidity, and so hasten the slimming process. Turkish baths, wax baths, foam baths or electric blankets. These are all good, but if, for one reason or another, you are unable to go to a special place for any of them, you can resort to the good old Epsom salts bath at home, which, though not so speedy, is quite effective.

LASTLY, massage, either at one of the beauty salons who cater for this—Elizabeth Arden or Helena Rubinstein, to mention two—or from a private masseuse who could come to your home. Failing this, the "self-help" method I mentioned at the beginning of this article.

Reducing by this simple "Combination Method," is safe, swift and sure, and is the best all-round way I know of looking slim when you swim.





## THEY ARE ENGAGED



Yevonde

**Miss Caroline Linden Politzer**, daughter of Mr. R. J. Politzer, of Fieldgate, Church Road, Worth, Sussex, and Mrs. K. Long, of New York, is engaged to Mr. Richard Curteis Poyntz-Wright, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Poyntz-Wright, of Worth



Armstrong Jones

**Miss Julie Pinckney**, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Pinckney, of Bagshot, Surrey, is to marry Capt. J. D. Kentish Barnes, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Kentish Barnes, of Wirral, Cheshire



Vandyk

**Miss Margaret Clifton-Brown**, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. G. B. Clifton-Brown, of Bury St. Edmunds, is engaged to Mr. P. Buchanan, son of Col. E. P. and Mrs. Buchanan, of Touch, Stirling



Lenave

**Miss Margaret Monica Watson-Jones**, only daughter of Sir Reginald and Lady Watson-Jones, of Portland Place, London, W.1, is to marry Mr. Anthony Brian Ingledon, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Ingledon, of Accra, Gold Coast

## THEY WERE MARRIED



**Guard-Cooper.** The marriage took place at Balcombe Church, Sussex, of Mr. Bruce Philip Guard, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. O. R. Guard, of Home Farm, Hollycombe, Liphook, Hants, and Miss Cecily Cooper, youngest daughter of Mr. C. M. Cooper



**Grose-Hodge-Grossmith.** Mr. Peter Grose-Hodge, son of Mrs. Geoffrey Grose-Hodge, and of the late Mr. Geoffrey Grose-Hodge, of Cambray, Rustington, married Miss Jane Grossmith, daughter of Mrs. Grossmith, and of the late Mr. W. S. Grossmith, of The Clock House, Rustington, Sussex



**Stacey-Bridgeman.** The Rev. Nicholas D. Stacey, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. Stacey, of Knaphill Manor, Chobham, Surrey, married the Hon. Anne C. M. Bridgeman, daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Bridgeman, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



**Langrishe-Downes.** Mr. Hugh Richard Langrishe, younger son of the late Lt.-Col. J. du P. Langrishe, D.S.O., and of Mrs. H. D. Langrishe, of Bordyke House, Tonbridge, Kent, married Miss Pamela M. Downes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Downes, of Bourton Hall, Much Wenlock, Salop, at Much Wenlock Church

**Aisher-Costain.** Mr. Robin Aisher, son of Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Aisher, married Miss Susan Costain, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Costain, of Inwearren, Kingswood, Surrey, at St. Andrew's Church, Kingswood





# 32-MILLION-MILE TEST PROVES GOODYEAR TUBELESS IS 5 TIMES MORE TROUBLE-FREE THAN ORDINARY TYRES



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A ROVER NINETY, one of the best cars for family touring on the Continent, parked in the beautiful Plaza de la Cibeles, Madrid

## Motoring

### FAITHFUL DOBBIN

**P**RAISE is due to the British motor industry largely because, itself unsubsidized, it brings in the money which goes on subsidizing other industries. Members of Parliament and others in high places should not be allowed to forget the figures issued a few weeks ago by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders. They showed the motor industry of the United Kingdom at the top of the list of exporters, with the figure of 200,000 for the January to June period. Western Germany came next with 160,000, then the United States of America with 131,000, then France with 67,000 and then Italy with 34,000.

It is an achievement which is to the credit equally of our engineers and designers, our production staffs, our workpeople and our publicity and sales organizations. And I think it is permissible to note that these remarkable results have been achieved by the motor industry without much aid from the Government and with a good deal of obstruction. Nor do I think it reasonable to expect the industry to continue to lead the world as an exporter of motor vehicles unless an attempt is made soon to improve the position of the home market.

**T**HAT means better roads and more motor-mindedness when new buildings are being planned. It is an extraordinary thing that, when our cities were less crowded, mews were built with the larger houses to enable horses and carriages to be kept; yet today, high buildings are put up giving a high population density to the square metre, without the slightest thought being devoted to the transport vehicles which these people will need.

While, therefore, all must praise the willing horse of the motor industry for working so hard, there should also be a clear recognition that it deserves and has earned an easement in its conditions, and a more benevolent attitude towards its home market.

**S**OME hesitancy has been noticed in the approach of the public to the many small runabouts now on the market. Yet these vehicles, whether regarded as auxiliaries to a larger car or as a main means of transport, have been well developed and show trustworthiness and economy. It may be that when a very small vehicle is contemplated, a buyer is influenced strongly by its appearance.

Two schools of thought can be distinguished; that which tries to make the runabout as like a scaled down large car as possible, and that which cuts away from conventional large car design and devises an independent formula. The latter scheme has been followed by German designers; while the former scheme is generally favoured by British makers. In between come the French makers who are now interesting themselves in several kinds of lightweight motorcar.

**I**T is a good suggestion of the Trico-Folberth people that motor car owners should examine the windscreen wiper blades before the winter comes. The idea that a wiper lasts for ever predominates, with the result that many drivers go about in wet weather with screens which are never really clear. If little rubber is left on the blade it is time to make a change and a campaign to make people recognize this is justified.

One other thing about wiper blades and arms deserves mention. When I took delivery of a new car one wiper blade and arm were missing. I immediately fitted new ones. The different service they gave was remarkable. The spares I fitted have lost most of their plating and are badly worn. The blade and arm which were fitted by the makers retain their plating and are almost unworn. The question is whether there are different finishes for spares and for makers' equipment.

—Oliver Stewart





*Ford sets the fashion*



*Zephyr*  
**ZODIAC**

FORD 'FIVE-STAR' MOTORING

Dress  
by Digby Morton



## DINING IN

### Short guide to the grouse

ON Friday the grouse season opens, and we can reasonably expect to find the birds on sale early next week. Lucky folk who have them sent by friends need have no worry about the choosing of young birds, but an inexperienced hostess may be a little concerned lest she does not get this year's grouse when she shops.

The best course is to deal with a poulterer who specializes in game. The birds will then not only be young and tender, but they will also not be full of lead and damaged, as we sometimes find them. To know a bird of this year's hatching, look under the wings for soft, downy feathers. Look, too, for thin skin on soft, pliable feet. Hard, thick skin on the feet indicates last year's birds—perfectly good for casseroles or braising, but not for roasting, the supreme way to deal with young grouse.

How long to hang a bird is a question difficult to solve, because so much depends on individual tastes. Some want grouse hung for a few days; some want them hung for up to a fortnight; others want them as fresh as possible. Escoffier said that grouse should be fresh when roasted, and I am on his side.

Then there is the matter of "doneness." Soyer said that the birds should be well roasted and Escoffier that they should be moderately underdone, but there are some—indeed, I have seen this in print—who claim that grouse should be roasted at a very high temperature for ten minutes only, which, I must say, does not seem quite enough. Perhaps, if we were to get more grouse than we could well do with, we could afford to experiment and might then find that we could develop unsuspected tastes and like them very underdone.

I will settle for just pale pink, when, I believe, the really elusive but distinctive grouse flavour is at its best. But how long cooking is that? For me, 15 to 18 minutes at 425 to 450 deg. F., or Regulo 6 to 7.

To prepare grouse: first, if there are any fine feathers left or if you must pluck the bird yourself, always draw out the feathers in the direction they grew, not against the growth, and there will be less likelihood of tearing the skin, which is very delicate.

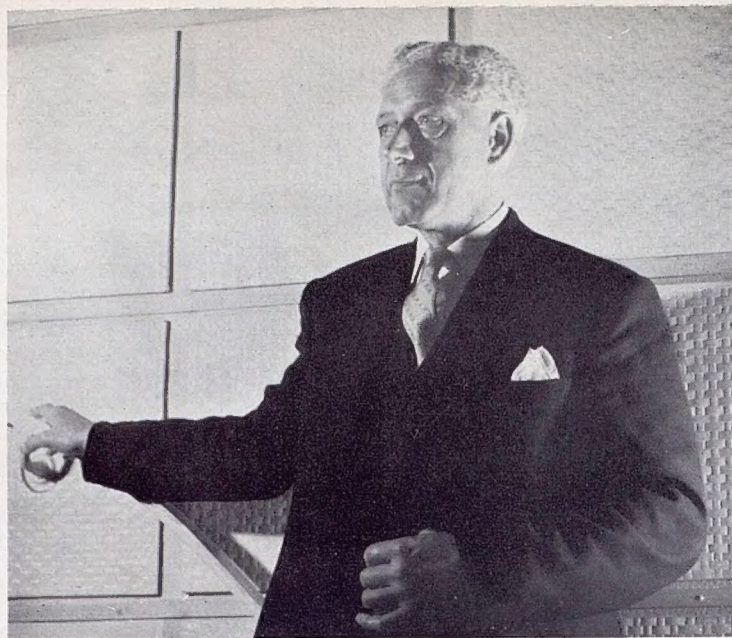
Having drawn the bird, wipe it out but do not wash it. Work a little salt into a nice large lump of butter and place it inside. Wrap the breast with larding bacon—that almost completely fat dry salt pork, obtainable from any Continental stores. Get everything else ready for the meal, but wait until the family has arrived home before roasting the grouse. They can wait for it, but it cannot wait satisfactorily for them.

Meanwhile, simmer the giblets, together with a piece of celery, an onion and a chopped carrot, long enough to extract their flavour. Gently poach the liver separately.

A chef renowned for his skill in cooking game birds always roasted them on their breasts so that the juices would run into them instead of on to the almost meatless backs. This is logical. From the stores, you can get a special V-shaped rack for the purpose. Twice during the roasting, baste the bird with more butter. A few minutes before the end of cooking, remove the larding bacon, turn the bird on its back, dredge it with flour, then return to the oven to brown a little.

WELL mash the cooked liver with a small piece of butter and spread it on toast. Cut each bird through the backbone and breast and place one half on each slice. For the gravy: Strain the giblet stock into the roasting pan and rub the bottom with a fork to extract the residue. Strain into a small sauceboat and pass separately, together with fried crumbs and bread sauce.

—Helen Burke



Ivon de Wynter

JOSEPH DELLA, general manager of the Colony Restaurant, comes from Milan, and after apprenticeship at the old Hotel Cecil had wide experience in the leading London hotels, including the Savoy, and restaurants in Surrey and Berkshire. He went to the Colony two years ago from the Astor Hotel.

## DINING OUT

### A pie to rejoice the heart

RECENTLY somebody suggested that if I was motoring anywhere within range of Woking, in Surrey, a deviation to the Wheatsheaf Hotel at Horsell would be well worth while. Its food is quite exceptional in quality, preparation and price. Two of us dined: we had the three-course dinner, choosing the steak and kidney pie at 6s. 6d., which price allowed you vegetable soup and choice of a sweet and cheese. The pie was a joy; no gristle, no lumps of fat, with nearly as much kidney as steak, very good pastry and gravy, and new potatoes and braised onions from the garden.

They had the good sense to have a cheese board with a choice of only two: first-class English Cheddar, and a Gorgonzola, which was a great change from the average place (including some very expensive ones) which presents you with a mass of bits and pieces, half of them stale or uneatable because they have been in and out of a refrigerator and the natural process of ripening has been killed at birth.

We ordered a bottle of Château Cos d'Estournel 1947 at 17s. 6d., an excellent wine in fine condition.

The bill, with the soup, the pie, gooseberry tart and cream, Cheddar cheese, biscuits, butter, two glasses of Tio Pepe and the wine, was £1 16s., which is astonishing value.

The hotel is owned by Catering Houses, Ltd. and staffed, with the exception of one barman and one kitchen porter, entirely by members of the female sex—eighteen of them, including the chef and her assistant.

IT was a shrewd notion of Short's in Richmond to open up a large snack bar with an open grill at the end of their huge Wine Lodge, and install a first-class chef to operate it. They have built up a considerable reputation for steaks and chops, and on their cold buffet for Scotch salmon, ham, crabs, lobsters and roast beef.

They have wines by the glass and by the bottle at remarkably low prices. They place their retail wine list on the table and announce that any bottle will be served at the table at the price shown in the list, which means that you can get a bottle of Château Haut Marbuzet, St. Estephe, 1949, at 12s. 6d., Château Beycheville, St. Julien, 1949, at 15s., Aloxe Corton, 1949, at 14s., Puligny-Montrachet, 1947, at 17s. 6d., and some excellent champagnes at 25s. and 27s. 6d. a bottle.

A FORTNIGHT ago I referred to the delightful *Vin Fou* or "mad wine" of the Arbois vineyards.

It was my idea to invite Mr. Hickey of the *Daily Express* to share what I believe to be the last bottle of *Vin Fou* in the British Isles at the moment. After all, the *Express* scooped the news about the French Premier taking 200 bottles to soften up the leaders of the other nations at the great Conference, so I felt that they should be represented on this occasion.

The affair took place with some hilarity at the Connaught Hotel where the director, Mr. Rudolph Richard, presided at the uncorking. They both decided that there was something fresh and lovely about this wine and agreed that it was "rather like meeting a young girl." It is astonishing how lyrical some people can get about a wine.

When people say they are going to be married, a favourite retort is: "You must be crazy," so now they can have "crazy wine," at their crazy weddings!

—I. Bickerstaff



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## Round and about with the 'little Red Vans'



PLYMOUTH HOE: by A. Brenet

## Devon bred, level head...

SAY DEVON, and you think of Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher, Raleigh, and many more—men of adventure who figured the tapestry of our first Elizabethan era. From Devon ports they sailed—to sweep the oceans of the Queen's enemies and to open the world's sea routes for Britannia's ships of trade. In Plymouth you can still see Drake's Drum that echoed triumphantly round the world.

Devon, glorious, beautiful Devon, has bred a people steadfast and true to a great tradition. Slow to praise, perhaps, but sound in approval, setting a high measure to their acceptance. And riding through their high-hedged narrow winding lanes, across the peaceful rolling country-side, and within

sound of the roaring breakers that are rich music to Devon-bred folk, the little red Brooke Bond vans always find a true West-country welcome.

*Brooke Bond have thousands of acres of their own tea gardens—more than any other firm of tea distributors in the world—with their own buyers in all the big world tea markets. Brooke Bond is the only tea firm with five blending and packing factories in the United Kingdom. Each serves its own part of the country, and the little red vans, always a familiar sight, become more and more in evidence every week delivering fresh tea to over 150,000 shops.*

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# Brooke Bond



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